

THE 1073 L 58
FORTUNATE FOOL.

Written in SPANISH

BY

DON ALONSO GERONIMO de SALAS BAR.
BADILLO of MADRID.

Translated into ENGLISH

BY

PHILIP AYRES, Gent.



D U B L I N:

Printed by R. REILLY, on *Cork-Hill*,
For JAMES DALTON, Bookfeller, at the
Corner of *Bride's-Alley*, in *Patrick-street*,
M,DCC,XXXVI.

This Book belongs to
MATHEW DOREY,
DUBLIN.

"Everywhere have I sought peace and found it nowhere save in a corner with a book."
Thomas à Kempis.

"He that loveth a book will never want a faithful friend, a wholesome counsellor, a cheerful companion, an effectual comforter."—*Isaac Barrow.*

"By the aid of books we collect around us all things, all places, men and times. To be without books is the abyss of penury."—*J. Ruskin.*

To the most hopeful and most ingenious
YOUNG GENTLEMAN,

JOHN TURNOR, Esq;

SON and HEIR of

Sir **EDMOND TURNOR,**

Of *Stoake* in the County of *Lincoln*, Knight;
one of the Farmers of his MAJESTY'S
Customs.

Honoured Sir,

THIS Translation, to which
I have been bold to fix
your Name; from the first
Instant that I was prevailed with to
make it publick, I had an Ambi-
tion to present unto you, hoping
it will not be unacceptable, in re-
gard its Quantity is but small, and
therefore cannot be any Hindrance
to your Studies, in which already
you have made a Progress, beyond
what could have been expected from

A 2

your

your Years : Nor can I think it will be unpleasing in respect of its Quality, it being a Piece of innocent Mirth, wherein my Author does with *Horace, miscere utile dulci*. Illustrating his History with Moral and Philosophical Reflections ; and takes Occasion, now and then, satyrically to inveigh against several ill Customs and Vices of the Age, carefully avoiding all prophane and lascivious Expressions, (a Crime too familiar with our modern Writers in this Kind.) But that which, I fear, may not so well relish in this *English* Dress, with some, is his peculiar Method both in Stile and Matter, which he observes not only in this Piece, but indeed in the rest of his Works, which are in all nineteen Volumes, besides many excellent Plays ; for which he hath merited, in the Esteem of his own Countrymen, a Place in the first Rank of the *Spanish Virtuoso's*.

Now, Sir, having given this Account of the Work and Author, I might apologize for the careless Oversights committed in this rough Draught ;
but

but when I shall have acquainted you that it was done *a la volée*, only for my Divertisement at spare Hours, and my Practice in the *Spanish* Tongue, I hope it will in some measure plead my Excuse.

This, Sir, for your Entertainment at your Times of Recreation, I have presumed to dedicate to you, as a Testimony of the Respect and Service which I owe, as well to your honour'd Father, and the virtuous Lady your Mother, as to yourself, that I may at least acknowledge to the World, how much I stand oblig'd to you; though I shall ever be unable to acquit myself any further, than by the Desires and Passions I have ever to appear in the Quality of,

Honoured Sir,

Your most obliged, Humble Servant,

PHILIP AYRES.

The English Language

but when I shall have acquainted you
that it was done a long time ago
my intention was to have it done
and my friends in the English Language
I hope it will in some measure please
my friends.

This is the first time I have
written to you since I came to
London. I have been very busy
with my friends and business
and have not had time to write to you
as often as I wished. I am now
at home and have some time to
spare. I am well and hope you
are the same. I am very much
obliged to you for the letter
you wrote me. I have read it
with much pleasure. I am
very much obliged to you for the
letter you wrote me. I have read it
with much pleasure. I am very much
obliged to you for the letter you wrote
me. I have read it with much pleasure.

Yours truly,

John Smith

London

1750

1750



THE
AUTHOR
TO THE

Foolish *and* Presumptuous
READER.

IT is most certain, that upon the first View of the Title of this Discourse, the Ignorant Reader will turn over the Leaf with all the carelessness and neglect imaginable, as who should say, What is all this to me? But he does not consider that by overacting this Carelessness, he discovers himself more concern'd than he would be thought to be; so that I shall be supposed to have thrown away so much Ink and Pains to no purpose; but yet for all this, he may by Chance at some time

time or other, look further into it (as many times it happens) and in that Case, I could wish he would reflect a little upon the Obligation he has to me, for the care I have bestowed upon the Drawing of his Picture, how short soever of the Original; for it would pose a wise Man to report all the Follies which a simple Wretch may be able to commit. He shall do well therefore to supply and correct the Failings, which he shall find in the Copy, by the Perfections of the Original. If he pretends to play the Critick, I must look for many a sowre Face, some bitter and empty Apology and Reply, Marginal Reflections in abundance, and other Impotencies of Vanity and Passion; all which, will make most excellent matter for the Second Part of his History. In the mean time I shall not envy them the Fruits of their own Weaknesses, that take a greater Pleasure in Censuring the Lives and Actions of Others, than in Mending their own.

T H E

T H E
F O R T U N A T E F O O L .

C H A P. I.

*Of the Visit which Don Leonardo and the
Licentiate made to the Doctor Cenudo.*

TO the Mothers of the whole Race of Fools,
Greeting; and your Attention I beseech
you; if I may without Vanity bespeak so
great and so illustrious an Audience. Bless yourselves
in your Issue; a Generation of People satisfied in
themselves (for such is the Fruit of Ignorance) and
whose Posterity shall give Honour to their Progenitors.
Suffer yourselves to be undeceived; for you will find,
that in all Ages, he that enricheth, he that honoureth,
he that raiseth a Family, is a foolish Son; for For-
tune befriendeth his Imperfections, and flattereth his
Miscarriages, to make Boast of her Force in the most
Unworthy. And certainly you cannot be doubtful of
this Truth yourselves, that have so much multiplied
the Number of the Ignorant. But we shall rather se-
cond our Opinion (than argue it) with a true History,
that succeeded in our Times, and therefore of the better
Relish.

I say then, that in our Age there was a certain
Coxcomb, though not so much unlike a Philosopher,
being so addicted to Books, that he rather seemed
to be a Part than an Owner of them. He happened
sometimes

sometimes to keep Company with a Parasite, the Son of an Inhabitant of *Madrid*, his Name *Don Leonardo de Vargas*, and with an arrogant *Andaluzer*, a * Pretendient in the Court, called the Licentiate *Campuzano*, one that carried a whole *Lucifer* in his Head, and smoaked his Face with Brimstone to make himself look pale; he let his Beard grow, affected Severity, seldom laughed, contracted his Brows, and nodding now and then his Head, and saying, 'Tis well, he says somewhat, he passed for one of the wisest Men in the World.

Their greatest resort was to Booksellers Shops, particularly to one over against *San-Felipe*, where at that time used to meet a great number of Virtuosi. Here then, one Afternoon, in *Christmas* Holy-Days, met the two Friends *Parasite* and *Arrogant*; who after they had entertained their Eyes with the Beauties, that passed *Calle Mayor* (or High Street) in their several Coaches; they took up a Discourse to entertain their Tongues. *Don Leonardo* remembring to ask the Licentiate for the Doctor *Cenudo*, a Man supposed to be very well skilled in the Criticisms of Learning; he answered, That it was a great while since he was stolen from that Concourse, and that he feared he was either out of Town or sick: Truly, I should be sorry for that, reply'd *Leonardo*; for though the Court be so abounding in all things of Pleasure, yet does it not afford any, that can yield it me, so fully, as the seeing that in it there is one, who can supply it with laughter, I mean this Doctor; of whom it may be better said than once of an * Emperor it was, *He was born for the Delight of Mankind*. I am confident that had this Man lived in the *Athenian* Republick, they would have maintained him out of the Common Stock in the *Pritaneum*, as they did all those famous Men to whom they acknowledged any Obligation. Is there any thing of so great importance in a Common-Wealth as Laughter? All the Cares of Life are directed to

* One that for Merit, or in Reward for some great Service, sues at Court for Honour or Preferment.

† The Emperor *Titus*.

to this end. The Ambitious Man loses his Sleep, the Covetous Man his Judgment, the Voluptuous Man his Estate and Honour, only for this little Idol, for Pleasure, whose greatest testimony is Laughter. What needed *Epicurus* to have puzzled our Brains, to find out what was the greatest Felicity, knowing there was Laughter in the World? Which though it should have no other advantage on its side, than that no Man whilst he was laughing and merry, ever committed a fault that might deserve a Frown, is sufficient to call it, The greatest Good in our Sphere. What Virtue is not to be found in a merry Man? At all times you shall see him liberal, peaceable, courteous, grateful, good company, discreet, and finally pleasant. Was there ever a melancholy Man seen, who hath not some fault that occasioned his Melancholy? There is a Philosopher who would prove, by natural Reason, that all filthy Wickedness proceeds from Melancholy. I am clearly of Opinion, that if we had many of these Men in the World, there would be but few Vices.

Say not so, replied the Licentiate very angry, I am sorry to hear that, from so understanding a Person as you: Do you not consider that too much Mirth effeminates the Mind, and that it is unworthy a wise and prudent Man? What do you call effeminating the Mind? said Don *Leonardo*. I have read that the *Lacedemonians* went to their Battels with Dances and merry Songs, wherewith their Soldiers being first recreated, they afterwards charged in the Encounters with more Gallantry. For you must know, Sir, that fear and sadness go together: Did you ever hear of a Drunkard, that ran away from those Quarrels, which at every instant his Wine provoketh? It is the chearfulness of that sweet Liquor, which animateth and strengthneth them. Do we not use to say, when any Person is sad, that his Heart is streightned; and then on the contrary, when he is merry, that it is open and free.

Nay, Senior Don *Leonardo*, said the Licentiate, this is to engage us in Philosophy, and is improper for this place; more at leisure we'll talk of this elsewhere,
for

for I promise you, I have bestowed some Pains upon this very Point, which you will be glad to see. On this manner did our *Arrogant* escape out of the Streights; and Don *Leonardo* seeing himself put off without an Answer: Well Sir, said he to him, if you will have a merry *Christmass*, come with me and let us go visit the Doctor *Cenudo*, for I know his Lodging, and you will see the pleasantest Man, that ever you saw in your Life.

Let us go with all my Heart, said the Licentiate, for I already have some knowledge of him, as he also hath of me, and I assure you, were it not for some singular Opinions, the Doctor is an acute ingenious Man, and no ill speaker; but he affecteth the way of praising over the left Shoulder, as we say, I mean of speaking ill of most Men, and contradicting the well-advisedness of others.

There are of this sort of Men, who are not at all pleased with an ingenious Conceit, unless it toucheth upon Heresy, or if not spoken in a Language patched up on Purpose, like a Beggar's Cloak; but I leave them to themselves: What I understand is, that they are not to be understood, for by those Means which they think to enlarge their Fame, they shall suppress it, and their Works shall dye with them: for wanting one that should read them with a Gloss, they shall want another that should hear them with Patience.

Thus went Don *Leonardo* diverted, and with saying, Now that you perceive the Thunder hath ceased, you give a Flash of Lightning, they closed up the Conversation, and came to the Doctor *Cenudo's* Lodging, where they knocked and enquired for him; a Boy, that seemed the Doctor's Page, answered, *My Master says, he is not within*: They laughed heartily at his Simplicity, bidding, that he should tell him, here was the Licentiate *Campuzano* and Don *Leonardo*. The Lad carried the Message, and before he opened the Door, asked, Who the Licentiate *Campuzano* was? At this the good Licentiate was ready to run distracted, and Don *Leonardo* going about to answer,
Do

Do not tell him, said he, my Works will one Day make me known; and if till now I have not given many to the Press, it is, that I have been detained from it by my modesty. This we strangers lose, for how much soever we may have singed our Eyebrows at our Studies, none takes Notice of it, no not so much as of the smoak, so licentious in this Age: I much admire that the Doctor questions who I am, since in more than one Conversation he might have easily known it. *Be not angry, Sir, replied the waggish Boy, for it is not my Master the Doctor that questions it, but I only, that have his Order to deny him to all such as are not of his humour and entertainment, nor does he yet know that your Worships are here.* That I easily believe, said the Licentiate; and walking forwards, they passed through an Entry and an outward Hall, well furnished with Chairs, Tables, Cabinets and Pictures; when the Page, calling through the Key-hole of a Door that was shut, said, *There is no Opportunity of seeing my Master now, for he is busie at his Devotions; be pleased to walk there a while, or return hither some other Day, and I will tell him that you came to do him this favour.* Let us entertain our selves with the many things that are here worthy of Admiration, said the Licentiate, for I came so desirous of seeing him, that I shall esteem the Time utterly lost, which I shall not spend in his Conversation.

Thus staid they, delighting their Eyes on the various Objects, when Don Leonardo fearing some whimsy should alter the Licentiate's Resolution, and going towards the Door to see if they might get in, observed that the Key was left on the outside, and seeing no Body to hinder them, for the Page was gone out a good while before, he opened it, and making a Sign to the Licentiate, they both went into a Room, curiously adorned with Books, Pictures, exquisite Venice Glasses, Estremoz Pots, and many pleasant Curiosities, both of Brass and Pastebord; scarce had they entred, when the Door with a great Bounce was shut and locked. The Room was but dark, for although it was Day-time, the

Windows were kept shut, and only a Lamp with three Lights was burning in it.

At the noise of the Door, the Doctor *Cenudo* (who till then sat musing with a Book in his Hand) started up: Sir, said the Licentiate, * *I Kiss your Hands*. The Doctor knitting his Brows, in a harsh Tone, without answering to his Courtesie, said, *What boe, Vulgar, come forth*. Scarcely had he pronounced these Words, when without knowing from whence, they saw coming towards them two Men of a monstrous stature, cloathed after the old *Roman* manner, with their Arms and Legs girt about, their Skin black and hairy, crowned with certain wreathed Serpents, each of them bringing a handsom Cudgel in his Hand, with which, showing an anger that appear'd in various and deformed Gestures, they fell upon the poor Licentiate with so good a Will, that they took away quite and clean the Curiosity he brought with him of seeing the Doctor.

The Visitors were much affrighted to see such a Vision, but especially the Licentiate, who trembled with all his Joints, both of them muttered all the Kalendar over between their Teeth; no body, till then, would have thought that the Licentiate had known so much of the History of the Saints; Fear did there make admirable show of his Knowledge: He invoked with great earnestness St. *Anthony* and St. *Hierom*, and all the *Flos Sanctorum* came from him in a direct Line. The Doctor supposing that he was sufficiently chastized, made a Sign to the Executioners, and in an Instant they sank down in the very Chamber.

Whither have you brought me, Senior Don *Leonardo*? What a develish Place is this? said the Licentiate: I did not think that this † Court had been so near to Hell. I promise you, Mr. Licentiate, said Don *Leonardo*, I have also been deceived in this coming, for I did never think that a Man so much a Christian as Mr. Doctor,

* The Common Salutation of the *Spaniards*!

† *Madrid* is called the Court of *Spain*.

Doctor, had studied Witchcraft. Content your selves, said the Doctor then, with a severe Voice, Content your selves, and sit you down, for there is much to be said to this purpose. Sir, said the Licentiate, you may satisfy us by writing if you please, for this is no Conversation for sitting. This he said drawing towards the Door, and using Diligence to open it, but could not, for as I said that was fast locked: Here the afflicted Licentiate was like to have died, but seeing he could not carry it by Words in a Place where even Courtesies themselves were answered with blows, he made (as they say) a Virtue of Necessity, and waxed calm: So all three sitting down as though no such thing had passed, the Doctor then proceeded;

I, Gentlemen, in my younger Years, (as the World knows,) was a Comical Poet; I made some Plays, which since being printed, were the wonder of *Italy*, *Germany* and *France*; they were all of a lofty Style, Language, and Spirit, very Courtly and replete with Novelties, very Pompous of Verse, and fluent of Conceits: But as the Vulgar advances not the flight of his Discourse to so high raised Spheres, and his Center is Ignorance; he began to Carp at the Language as strange, the Project as Outlandish, and the Verses as Foreign; Yet this Contempt stopped not here, but proceeded to impudent hissings, and they were so many and so strong, as raised a Whirlwind in my Opinion, which drowned it in profound despiht, till this very Day.

I remained at this accident, like the covetous Merchant, who having passed to the *Indies*, and afterward freight with Jewels of the greatest Value, in his return home, in sight of the Port, where he thought to satisfy the thirst of his Desires, by enjoying happily all his Riches; gained more at the Expence of Dangers, than in Exchange of Goods; the wealthy Vessel is shipwreck'd, striking on a hidden Rock which lay lurking under the waves for his destruction, and scattering his Diamonds, Plate, Christals, and Pearls, amongst the waters; he hath nothing left him, more than the fright, and his

life, which as yet he not slighting, endeavours to save, trusting it to a Plank, and thinking that he still carries riches to the Port in his undeceivings.

Of these I served my self, and put silence to my Inclinations ; but not to my anger : This, that will endure all my life with me, taught me vengeance against the unquiet and Barbarous Vulgar : From hence sprang the contradiction which I stedfastly do act against all his affairs, there is not a word approved of, by this beast, which I do not judge Heresie.

My own wit did not seem sufficient for so great an Enemy, but going up and down tormented with this care, I understood that there was lately arrived at this Court a famous Conjuror, brought by a certain powerful Nobleman, to facilitate some Hydropick Ambitions : I had the fortune, to have at that time, a friend that was his intimate acquaintance. This carried me to see him. He acquainted with my design, favoured my Intention ; I told him it was to have some familiar, who (in imitation of that Devil of *Socrates's*, which told him in his ear, many of his fortunate Exploits, as *Plato*, *Plutarch*, and *Apuleius* write) should furnish me with Reasons and manners whereby to contradict the Vulgar, and their Extravagances. Gold, Entreaties, and a certain conformity of Disposition, made his Will courteous, in so much that he gave me a Ring wrought with such Conjurations, and made under such an Influence of the Stars, that it hath virtue bound up in it, as that every time when I shall move it on this first finger of my left hand, and shall put the Seal whereon is engraven the Image of Saturn outward, there shall come as many Devils as shall be necessary to my purpose : These sometimes do appear in the form, which now they have appeared in, at other times, without taking any visible shape, they tell me in my Ear, Reasons and Arguments never thought of by the wit of Man, to contradict the Opinions of the Foolish Vulgar. But it hath nothing, that so much Merits my thankfulness ; as one Virtue which I have made Experience of ; and it is, that no body hath ever seen them till now, that keeps it not in a perpetual *heresie*,

creſie, or if he publiſhes it, ſuffers not dreadful Torments by their hands.

You, Mr. Licentiate, came in now with the Ignorance of the raſh Vulgar, in ſaying that you kiſſed my hands, what mean you by that ? Do you not perceive that it is a folly ? Sir, reply'd the Licentiate ſomewhat troubled, to kiſs the hand is a ſign of Obedience, it is to confeſs ſuperiority. I grant you that, ſaid the Doctor, to kiſs the hand is a ſign of vaſſallage or ſubjection ; but to ſay you kiſs my hands, and not to kiſs them, is a Thing very different, you may as well ſay in your ſalutation, God never give you health. Imitate the ancient prudence, that ſaluted with a *Salve*, the ſame as *God preſerve you*, and underſtanding Men uſe ; But it being the firſt time, I will not be too ſtrict : You, Sir, will amend, at laſt when you are with Ingenious People. This, ſaid the Licentiate, is a Courteſie ſo received amongſt the Vu'gar, that it would ſeem a madneſs to ſeparate our ſelves from it : So that, replyed the Doctor, with the Vulgars uſing it you think it ſufficiently Authorized ; take care rather that you alledge *Plato*, or *Ariſtotle*, for your Author. But now let us leave this, and tell me, Gentlemen, what it was that brought you to this poor Cottage. Only to give you a * good Chriſtmas, ſaid the Licentiate ; and at the Inſtant, the Doctor making another frown, What, ſaid he, is there yet more Vulgarity ? He ſaw himſelf raiſed up to the Top of the Room, in a kind of ſpotted cloud, by grey ſhaddows amidſt many confuſed flames, with a great deal of ſmoak. The affrighted *Licentiate* had then no Courage left him, not ſo much as to recommend himſelf to the Saints : But remained Pale and diſmay'd, not being able to fetch his Breath.

Don *Leonardo*, who ſaw his Companion ſo near the houſe top, that he rubbed the Cobwebs from the Joyces with his head, thought that he himſelf was not ſecure with his ſilence, therefore kneeled on both knees, liſt up his hands, arch'd his Eyebrows, fix'd his Eyes on him, between reſpect and fear, and ſaid, Mr. *Doctor* this

B 3

Gentleman

* Or to wiſh you a merry Chriſtmas.

Gentleman came hither in confidence of me, he's a most passionate admirer of your Wisdom, and a Wit, worthy of a greater Estimation; he is a stranger lately come to Town, and not acquainted with the Laws, which you have ordained for men of Parts: Be pleased for what he is, to pardon him some mistakes, and to publish the Law before you execute the Penalty. His being a stranger shall save him, said the *Doctor*, and in a Moment the whole Cloud was dissolved, the *Licentiate* descending from that dignity, remained in the Chair *wherein he was*, without Colour or Pulse. A brave folly it is, said the *Doctor*, to say, that you come to give me Christmas, as though it was not come two days since: And you say, you come to give me a good one; how do you think to do it? What Turkeys or Capons do you bring me, or what good news? do you know what you say? Is it not a foolishness to say what you understand not? Mr. *Doctor*, for Gods sake let him alone said Don *Leonardo* unless you mean by strangling him to bring him out of his swoond. *Plato's* knowledge cost him more, reply'd the *Doctor*. 'Tis no matter, let him pass these straights, for that wise man went through greater dangers, sailing through a great part of the Sea, and travelling almost over the World for it.

By this the *Licentiate* was returned from his affright, and said, as if he had spoke to himself: O how much do'st thou cost me, Virgin, daughter of *Jupiter*, and mother of truth! Sacred Knowledge, how much do'st thou cost me! but who ever reached the Gold without breaking through mountains of stone? who got to the *Indies* without passing the Fears of the Sea, well employed dangers, happy Solicitudes, that have facilitated me to great a Treasure of Truths. It is sufficient that I am assured of what I have, as in a Dream, thought of *Zoroastes*; It is sufficient that Magick is powerful for such Transformations; that Devils walk among us Cheek by Jowl, and we know them not; It is sufficient that *Madrid* stands so near the Abyſſe that it breaths its fiery breath thorough it. O the great Nobleness of the Soul, that hath the Infernal Spirits at its command, at its com-
mand

mand (I say) even although it be not perfectly declared, but only by signs, for upon the very hint do these Devils move, and in an instant take the shapes of Giants, to obey it?

Wise Doctor, believe not of my Wit, that it will conceive displeasure, at that which meriteth thanks; I had some knowledge of thy Wisdom, yet but small, and not comparable to the Experience, which thou had given me; If I before desired to see thee as an Oracle; If I formerly applauded thee, only attent on thy reputation, and to so short a reputation, what shall I do after having made tryal of thy Marvels? Such men as thou art do the vulgar despise? such excellent persons, doth he not adore? does he forget the use and Glory of Statues in a time when thou livest? What greater Testimony of his Ignorance, of his Envy, and of his Barbarousness? I likewise to be his mortal enemy do need no other injuries than those, which against thy illustrious wit he hath done, since in it all illustrious Wits are injured: If not the stroak of this injury, yet at least, the Eccho lights on all: For even as the Laurel which is given to a well deserving Man, equally Crowns all those that are so; so an injurious reproach does equally affront them. I will not beg that thou should'st take me into thy favour, either because I content myself, and esteem it for a high Felicity to serve thee always without more Correspondency, or because it would be a Contempt of thy wit, to require it not to be ungrateful.

I durst have sworn, said the Doctor, that Don *Leonardo's* friend, would imitate him in Wit, friendship never grew betwixt unequals. I condemn my Choler, in not having given you leave to speak, by which, without doubt, I might have known you, at the very instant, and should have given you the Place which you merit in my esteem.

Now the Tempest is over, said Don *Leonardo*, pray Sir, tell me how you do? Scarcely had he said this, when at one leap a terrible Monkey of a marvelous greatness, put himself by his side, playing with his Tail, and moving with strange Gestures, and bringing in his hand an
Urinal

Urinal, full of Urin ; what do you command me ? Said Don *Leonardo* (with a handsome grace) since you know how docible I am, that you may teach me, so much to my cost, a thing that, I fear, will give me another cudgelling bout. This he said, and the Monkey still persisting to put the Urinal before his Eyes, and being very near them; the poor Gentleman supposed that he would give it him to drink, and therefore was determined not to reply, fearing a greater punishment ; so took it to Obey, and had already lifted it up to his mouth, saying 'tis a hard case that you should use our patience so ill, we being your friends and such passionate ones too ; You might have jested more courteously, and deserved, in your very contempts of us, much gratitude on our part : but these Jestis are not fit to be upon a Rogue. You, Senior Don *Leonardo*, did you not ask how I did ? said the Doctor, with what intent did you ask me ? With what intent should I ask ? But to know it, replied Don *Leonardo*. Why, how can that be known better, then by seeing the Urin, said the Doctor ? And if that be not sufficient, ask it of my Pulse, with your fingers : Is it not better and more easy, replied, Don *Leonardo*, to ask it of you, and that you should tell it ? I am sure this is very severe.

No, Sir, said the Doctor, observe this, either I am pale and lean in my Bed, when you ask it me, or I am merry and fat seated in my Chair as I am now. In the first case, you need not ask if I have my health, for my Physognomy says that I have it not : If then this be certain, the Question comes not, to desire to know that, but in what estate the humour is which causeth any infirmity, if it be upon its departure, or on its stay. This, there is no sick man can know, to tell it, only the Urin and the Pulse understand it. In the second place, the Question is very foolish, for either the face is faithful to that which is within the Body, and then there is no need to ask of the health, because that tells it, and merits credit, in being the most noble part of our Body : or it is unfaithful, and appearing chearful and fat, covers ill humors, and then neither can it answer, nor give account of its health ; because those sicknesses which promise health in the

the face, and soundness of the members are so traterous that they not only deceive others, but himself that suffers them. According to this, Man is so ignorant of his own constitution, that he is not able to answer to this Question. Then from hence forward perforce this must be asked by feeling the Pulse, or by asking for the Urinal: Pray then return it to this my Nurse, if you have yet conjectured the state of my humour.

Yes truly, said Don *Leonardo*, (giving back the Glass) I have conjectured your humour, that you spend a good one; I do not spend it, Senior Don *Leonardo*, replied the Doctor, mind but how you speak: I do not spend it, but imploy it, and observe what I say, to spend a good humour is for Talkers, that speak with good humour, without profiting with it, this properly is to *spend*. To *imploy* it, is of discreet men, that treasures up with it, either acceptance or applause in the hearers, or else teaches the Ignorant, as I do now you two. The Monkey by this time was vanished, and the two Friends having taken a little more breath, the Licentiate said, Will you not tell me the cause why on a day so pleasant as this, you are so mewed up in your Lodging, and with an artificial Light, when the Sun gives one so splendid to all this Hemisphere? Many days since, I have observed, that you do not frequent that part of the *Calle Mayor* or great Street, as you used to do; what Novelty is this? for in generous persons, any change argues a strong reason, and in fools something of accident. You have asked me much, said the Doctor, you have asked me much; and if the Door was not fast lock'd, I should fear you would leave me, and be gone before I should have done answering you: There is much to be said to this; you, I suppose, have dined already betwixt this and nine of the Clock at night are many hours, and it will be no ill work to entertain our selves in them. You ask, why I study by an Artificial Light being in the Day time. How if the Suns light should enter into my Lodging, could I study? would it not divert me, to consider that that Light sprang from the Sun, and was beholding to the courtesie of the Air to spread it abroad over all the Universe.

Universe ; and that it not only gives it to the World, but to the Stars also : That the Moon likewise borrows of it, as we see in the Eclipses ; and that these show the roundness of the Earth, as is evident by the shadow ; for when it is interposed between the Sun and the Moon it always appears round.

Hence of force should be considered, whether or no the Waters were upon the Earth, or the Earth upon the Waters ; and if both Elements made not one round Body. Then how afterwards could the opinion of that Philosopher escape my memory ; who said that the Earth was carried upon the waters like a Ship. Presently I should descend to that fancy of another, who supposed, that the Water was more ancient, and more noble than the Earth ; and was the cause of the generation of all things, by its humid quality, wherein Life is founded.

I should from them pass to the Generation of Animals and Plants, and should stop upon the latter, to contemplate on the Beauty of the Flowers, that with so much Grace and Pleasantness publish the Greatness of God. I should afterwards think with *Cicero*, that if there should be no other Testimony that there was a God, but the Beauty of the World, it would be sufficient to convince a Man of a Divinity : Coming then to this, how could I possibly forget, being a Grammarian, and not observe, that *Mundus*, in *Latin*, implies Cleanliness or Ornament ; and that this *Machin* is so called, by reason of the Beauty which adorns it ? Infomuch that I could by no Means study, if I should see the Light of the Day.

As to the second, wherefore I am shut up, I will tell you, but you must have Patience.

What do you call Patience ? said the Licentiate ; call it Joy, and it will be more proper : You stand throwing Jewels out of your Mouth, and you esteem our Covetousness so drowsy, that you stop to awaken it. Proceed, Sir, I beseech you, and be confident, that you cast not your Pearls before Swine. The Doctor supposed he did, because he had seen Don *Leonardo* determined to be so with

with the Urinal : And the Licentiate smelt as tho' he had been one, with the Fear of the Visions.

He then proceeded, saying, I, Gentlemen, have no Stomach to digest so great Irons, as those I see when I go forth to walk in this Piece of * *Bizcaya*, amongst those many which it hath : They provoke me to vomit, not being able to endure it, and they that see me vomit shew a Niceness ; this is an unreasonable Thing ; for it is not for Men to have such strong Stomachs, but for Ostriches and Elephants, in a Word, for Beasts : And if these make not all sick, as they do me, it is because they were bred up with this Venom ; as once that † King was, whom it not only did not kill, but rather nourished.

Who is able to endure that Junto of Fools, with Cloak and Gown of the Learned ? I could well enough pass with their being all Fools, since I treat with few but what are such ; that which most incenseth me, is, that they being so, feign themselves to be learned ; Those wretched People, the rest of the Fools of the Town, are blameless, in regard they know not that there is such a Thing as Knowledge in the World ; or if they do, they despise it in their Opinion, and hold it for a Madness : But you that know or understand that there is, and so much adore it, that you ennoble yourselves with its Title ; you neither follow after it nor ever see it. What Imposture is this ? If you esteem it, why do you not follow after it, why do you not overtake it ? Not for want of Wings, nor so well provided with them, as so great a Number of Books declare, that the Volumes of these of this Age do exceed the Letters of those of that, which was illustrious with so many Philosophers : Neither is it for want of Wit, for I see you ingenious in finding out the Faults of others ; it is your Sloth, it is your Vanity that hath persuaded you, that the Glory and Felicity of Knowledge doth not consist in being wise, but in appearing so : You content yourselves with the vain Ostentation of knowing Books ; this
you

* The Country where the best Iron is made.

† *Mitbridates* King of *Pontus*.

you attain without more Pains than coming to the Shop where they are to be sold, by reading the Titles, and tiring out the poor Bookseller to reach down this and the other, to consult the first Page, and know by it what is contained in the whole Volume, as by Physiognomy.

You will say (Mr. Licentiate) why do I not go thither to that End which others do, to divert myself in seeing the People which pass by? Yes, I would so if I had Patience to suffer it: Who can endure to see there a Squadron of pitiful Soldiers, keeping their *Decorum*, and making their Cringes to many that resort often to that Place (of the Rabble I speak): These, I say, because they have heard their Grandfires tell Tales, how there hath been Wars in the World, and how in them certain Men killed others, they come hither to tell us a thousand of their lying Atchievements, which they themselves know not if they are possible or not; they never saw the Wars nor the Ensigns thereof, and the worst is, they have no Affection at all to its troublesome Noise, as may be seen; for if they had they would never come to martyrize the Walk of * *San Felipe* for so long a Time: For it was the Providence of Heaven to sweeten great Labours, by giving us an Inclination to them; I confess that those of the War are intolerable, but if there be Inclination they cannot be so: Hence it proceeds that many great Princes, who might live in the sweet Rest of the Court do despise it, being carry'd away by their Inclinations, and chuse, for greater and more mild Entertainment, that Horror and those Fears of Arms.

I well know, they say, that they come to the end the King may reward their Services, that they have none, what greater Accuser than their very Solitude? Friend, Soldier if thou wert one with all thy Heart, in being so thou would'st find thy Reward. What Mechanick Artificer doth not hug himself, and esteem that Day happy wherein he brings some Work to Perfection? Those Men are in their Center, who busy themselves in

the

* A Place in *Madrid* where many resort to hear News.

the attaining those Things which their Nature inclines them to : If thine be to follow Arms, thou would'st not go from amongst them : Didst thou go out, and hast thou escaped Death, by this returning thou art not of that Trade but art a Man of Peace ; strip off then this Bravery, and let us understand one another.

Three hundred forty and seven Years was *Rome* triumphant after her Foundation, without giving any Salary to her Soldiers ; without Pay they fought, without Pay they extended that Empire of the World : It was a provident Action ; for on this Manner it happen'd, that none went to the Wars without Inclination and natural Boldness, no body went out carried by Hunger and the Desire of Pillage ; it was Generosity of Mind that preferred them in that vent'rous Army : Hence it was that all were stout, all were valiant.

Would you have me entertain myself in seeing the Coaches ? God forbid ; I see so many Things in them that they carry away my Patience thro' my Eyes : I will say nothing of Women, because I have need of them, and it is a Creature that conceives most Anger at Contempts, and yields the most to Flattery of any, others will do it : Let some great Man, that wants not another Thing to pleasure them withal, though he be never so great a Coxcomb ; I say, let him make this Iron, since he hath wherewithal to gild it ; for we that were born ill-look'd upon, or under an unkind Aspect of the Stars, have need of much Cunning and fair Words to be able to live.

We owe great Courtesy to Women, and it is not Compliment but a forced real Debt, wherein we pay all the Care, with which they spend Days and Nights for our Allurements, in trimming, dressing, painting themselves, and preparing flattering Baits in their Tongues : They treat of no other Matter, they have no other Care, without which they would live a Life wholly disconsolate, in seeing their Imperfections and Wants, in which Nature hath maimedly left them, if we should not comfort them, and blot them out of their Memory with these Flatteries, which, be they never so
C
absurd,

absurd, they judge for Truths, and deceive themselves with them.

The Doctor would have proceeded further, if the Thread of his Discourse had not been cut off by a profound Sigh from the Licentiate, which he threw up with some clearing of his Throat. What afflicts you, Sir, said Don *Leonardo*? When you see the Humanity with which Mr. Doctor doth communicate the Productions of his fruitful Wit: You need not now fear any more Visions, besides, with holding your Peace all is remedied. It is no Matter of Consequence, said the Licentiate, and gave another double Sigh, but endeavouring to suppress it, at last, fetching short his Breath, What's the Matter, said the Doctor? What's the Matter, for God's Sake? Make not yourself strange to my Love, for that is to suspect it of being but little faithful: Pray take Notice, Sir, that you are in a Place where no Thought whatsoever is concealed, though it retires never so near the Heart, and gets never so far from the Mouth: But why do I weary myself with asking, having a Desire to know?

In saying this a little Curtain was drawn, and behind it appeared a Figure of Brass, which seemed to be *Cupid*, with his Quiver, Bow, Scarf and Arrows; no sooner was it discovered when these Words were heard to come from it, *The Man is in Love.*

The Licentiate had scarce heard this (for now he was charmed against Visions) when, much afflicted, he said, Mr. Doctor, Heaven hath guided me hither To-day to see you, in a Time of the greatest Exigency that my Heart hath ever had: That which this Spirit saith is the very Truth; I will tell you it at large, because I hope for a Remedy from your profound Science; and you must take Notice, by the Way, that the Reason why there is so little Love in the World, is, because I have it all, insomuch that there is none left for any other: In my Heart he keeps all his Armory with great Glory, there his Temple and Altars, with more zealous Demonstrations, with more pious Ceremonies, than
when

when Antiquity consecrated to the Flattery of his Deity the Blood of brute Animals: Here I shed my own Blood for the Victim to him, which by little and little consumes me with its burning Fire.

As I passed one Summer's Evening in a Coach thro' the Meadow of *San Geronimo*, now no more a Meadow but a Wilderness, wherein are hunted, with cruel Destruction, not wild Beasts but Men; here I fell entangled into Nets of soft Hair, was subjected by the Darts of piercing Eyes, I yielded myself up to the Smiles of a Mouth, and suffered myself to be carried away with the Pleasure of blushing Cheeks: The Owner of these Arms went in another Coach; we bring together hers and mine, where was a tender yielding on my Part, and a wanton Allowance on hers; I never thought that in flattering Breaths, there could come revengeful Flames, yet they came in those of her peaceful Words: I remained hers, followed her as her Slave, learnt her House, her Quality, and that of her Parents; I knew she had a Brother equal to me in Age and Humour, I procured his Friendship by divers ways, and got Admittance by this Means, into the House of *Donna Dorothea* (for so she is call'd, that is *happy in all Graces*) I spoke to her tenderly, she answered me mildly, read my Verses, and applauded them, gave reception to some of my Presents, all which passed with Security and little Notice taking of her Parents, on the Score that I was her Brother's Friend, they suppos'd that that was Courtesie, and not Courtship, Kindness, and not Love.

Time, Opportunity, and Converse, made me every Day more happy in her Favour, I can assure you, that I had hope before I had love, so much did her Favours anticipate my Desires. They go forth on their Way, it being sufficient for me to meet and receive them. Finally, this Lady, in regard she was the most beautiful, was the most desired by all kind of Pretenders, because she had Entertainment for all Desires; she had Wealth for the Covetous, Nobility for the Gentleman, Beauty for the Gallants, Virtue for the Sober, and Discretion

for the Wife: But I alone was the fortunate possessor of her Love; I gave storm to the Fort of her Breast, and gained her Heart, but not without my own Loss and Destruction, if so peaceable an Action deserves so severe a Name, as is the giving mine in exchange of her Heart, 'tis the Majesty of Love that knows not how to yield it self to unequals; must another Love be born, another must call him to Defiance: On this manner passed I the pleasantest Hours, that I can hope for in my Life; when Fortune envious, or justly angry, that human Merits should tyrannize over so divine Parts, stole her from mine Eyes and from my Hopes.

'Tis three Days since I have not been in my self, 'tis three Days since, that I live without knowing where I am, because I know not where she is, that is Owner of my Sense: I was on *Christmas* Day to visit her, taking Occasion of the Time, but found her not within, I asked her Mother for her; she told me that she was gone to see an Aunt of hers; I met her Father in the Street, he told me that her Mother and she were gone to *Novena*, at the Holy Convent of *Alcala*; and perceiving the Deceit, in the Disagreement of the Witnesses, I consulted her Brother, but found him confused; who not suspecting that so large a Share of the Success concerned me, related the greatest Misfortune that hath happened in the World.

Miseries of Beauty, how great are ye! Divine *Dorothea*, I wish thou hadst never been born beautiful; if thou wert to be unhappy, without Doubt, Fortune thinks her self Beautiful, since she persecutes so much those who are so; alas, my destiny! I durst have sworn thou wouldst throw me down with the greatest Hazard, when thou raisedst me up to so high Fortune. Things that are wholly perfect, never endure long: In Perfection it self doth Danger lie concealed; in Height it self doth Ruin stand threatning. The Sun in coming to the Sign where it is most elevated, begins to decline, and continues not in his greatest height one Minute.

He

He related to me, as to a Friend, in whom he expected not Dismays, but Comforts, that his Sister was wanting since the Night before, that going in a Coach with her Mother to *Mattins*, in returning home without knowing by whom or where, they were set down at a House so like theirs; as the Night and sleepiness would give them leave to discern, that being deceived, they entered into it, and in an Instant the Coach disappeared, and then they locked up in two several Rooms well furnished, which shewed a rich Master; that afterwards they offered a Sedan to her Mother to bring her home in, telling her, that her Daughter was there already without any hurt, that she should hold her Peace; and that the Love of a great Man had attempted a Thing that had succeeded in vain; but finally, *Donna Dorothea*, was free now from all Fear: With this her Mother was deceived, and no sooner had those who carried her come to the Street where she lived, when they intreated her that she would go alone into her House, because they would not, by Chance, be known, by the Lights that should come out to receive her. With this she entered, and they were gone in an Instant: Infomuch that when she knew her Daughter was not at home; and called to her Father and Brother for Vengeance, they found no body on whom to execute it.

When I heard such sad News, I remained as dead; he that related them, thought I had done it only out of my Friendship to him, and was glad to find so lively a resentment, hoping that I would help to search her out as a faithful Friend: So I promised him to do, but in vain, since there is not so much as the least Shadow of her. 'Tis now three Days since that I have sought her with all Diligence, but I am ashamed of my Care; for I find no way, not so much as to shew my sollicitude: So unhappy am I, that I am not so much as able to shew that I have a Desire to find her, by one Way or another that would not be to her great Disgrace.

This puts me besides my Wits, this is it, that cannot be contained in my Breast, and gets forth amongst my Sighs: This is the Cause that I throw my self at thy

Feet, most learned Man above all that have been born, take Compassion for God's sake, of this grievous Disaster; let not Fortune boast her self that she hath Command over the Wife, since there are that say the Wife, bear Rule over Fortune: Tell me where he is that hath stoln her? How she hath defended her self, where this Confusion must stop? Consult this Spirit that hath penetrated my Thoughts, let us know from him the End of my Grievs, since he already knew the beginning of them.

The Doctor would not have hearkened so long, because he had given him more Jealousies than Words, with his Relation, but to fix in the Vengeance of this, and of the Pride with which he had painted himself the sole Disposer of her, who was so, of all, and it was on this Manner.

The Licentiate had no sooner ended, but the little Idol, which had given the first Answer, sank down, leaving in the Wall an hollow Place, through which the Sight might freely pass to another Quarter, curiously rich. You, Mr. Licentiate, take Courage, said the Doctor, and you shall see with your Eyes the Estate of your Care, peep through this Hole, and see that which passeth. The Licentiate did so, and saw *Donna Dorothea*, who was in Discourse with a Gallant, of a handsome Personage and Disposition: This, said the Doctor, is sufficient for the Present, and Curtain was drawn. You shall know, said he, that this Lady is already overcome, I cannot tell you the Place where she is, because it is not convenient; neither matters it, suppose it was told to her Parents, you may say that an Astrologer hath prognosticated to you, that they shall bring her back to her House within a very few Days, that in the mean time they make no Bustle, since they will suffer more than any body else in their own Honour. I am sorry that so understanding a Man should let himself be deceived by the flatteries of a Woman. Know, that she never loved you, but only for her Husband, her Love regarding more your Wealth than your Person.

The arrogant Gallant was astonished, and unexpectedly surprized at the Wonders he saw and heard, in-
much that he was struck speechless with Rage and In-
dignation. Don *Leonardo* that was in no less Admira-
tion, supposing that Manhood was now of no use, rose
up, taking his leave of the Doctor; at which the Li-
centiate did the same, without offering to speak any
thing at all; at last giving him many Thanks for In-
juries, they both went away blundering and stumbling,
and asking one another if it was Truth indeed, that they
had seen the past Visions.

CHAP.

C H A P II.

The Fool gives an Account of his Life to his Friend, together with the Occasion of the Adventures already related.

THE Troubles of the *Calle Mayor* (or high Street) were not the Occasion of our Doctors shutting himself up, as he had told the Licentiate; for those had an easier Remedy, since there are other Streets in *Madrid* more quiet, and Passages into the Fields more pleasant. Love it was that had confined him to his House for his Prison.

Who told thee so, my Friend Historian? (will some Body say) how dost thou know that? Few there are that can Answer to this Question; but I am so great a Friend of clearing Doubts, that I very willingly resolve it. It was told me by a Gentleman of *Madrid*, a Friend and Intimate of the Doctors, his Name Don *Felix del Prado*, he gave me an Account of his Life, and particularly of the marvelous Success which gave me Occasion to write it.

Don *Felix* was troubled at the Melancholy and retiredness of the Doctor, which now was taken Notice of by all his Friends; for *Christmas* Holy-days were past, and their Mirth, without the Doctors having had any taste of them. He was always in the House, yet never suffering himself to be seen by any Body, save once, that two entred in without his leave, which cost them a sufficient Trouble, as I have related. This Gentleman was of a pleasant Nature, always desirous of making Friendships, and had contracted a very firm one with the Doctor upon Occasion of those Amours; even to the making of himself a Party in them.

One Day then, when he saw him more free from Sighs than he was accustomed to be, I assure you, my Friend, said he to him, I understand you not ; you say you are almost undone for this Woman ; you have her in the House, and without any Hazard, what would you have more ? Enjoy the Opportunity ; declare yourself to her, and leave off Disguises. I see, said the Doctor, I have these Advantages near and easy to satisfy my Appetite ; I well see that I can force her without Hazard, since she thinks I am a Stranger, with this Masque that I have put on (of which I shall hereafter give you an Account) but I do not subject my Desires to such humble Victories, I covet her Love, I would conquer her Soul ; I pay not myself with lesser Pledges : Love is the Salt of all these Delights ; with Love the Sight of the Lady is glorious, and even that of the Walls of her House ; with Love Hope is happy ; with Love any Promise is of Estimation, every Glimpse is a Favour, every Word is sweet, all is seasoned with Love ; if that be wanting, neither avails the seeing her nor speaking to her, nor as many Favours as Confidence itself can force from her. Now I see, replied Don *Felix*, that it is a great Misfortune to be a wise Man, if you were not such you would not spin out a Discourse on this Manner, but would lay hold on the Occasion ; enjoy it, and then, as unconcerned, bid Defiance to Love.

We are alone, said the Doctor, and with Intention not to go out of this House, nor let in any body that shall not be of it ; I am big with this Thought, and have made Experience of this Truth, give me Attention I beseech you, listen to the Discourse of my Life, and you shall see, by the way, how exactly you have hit on that Conceit : You shall see, how all the Time that I was a Fool, I was the most happy Person of the World only by being so, notwithstanding I was never so much deserted by Men ; nay, Fortune herself, she did also forsake me then, when I was a Fool, because I imagined that, in Time, I might cease to be so. I have no Business, said Don *Felix*, that requires my Presence more than your Cares, and therefore should be glad that you
would

would tell me the Beginnings of them, because on this Manner I might walk with more Light: One and the other (said the Doctor) you shall know this Afternoon, altho' the last will but renew my Smart, and I know not whether or no I shall have Patience to endure it.

I, my Friend, was conceived in original Folly, and can say I am a Fool on all Sides, for my Father, being a Man well born, and having taken the Degree of Licentiate in *Alcala*, with his Foot already in the Stirrup for a most honourable Employment, fell in Love with my Mother, being a Maiden of mean Extraction, and also a Fool by Complexion. This good Father of mine, being wounded with the Darts of her pretty Eyes, grew desperately in Love with her, and therefore contrived how he might deceive her, so gave her a Promise of Marriage, with Intention to leave her in the Lurch; she giving Credit to his Words they both played the Fool, for he was afterwards forced to marry her by Justice, and she brought her Honour almost to the last Gasps.

From this Folly of both was I born, at a Time when the Council of the *Indies* nominated my Father to a Government in that other World, which was like killing him for this; now, I being but newly born, he considered that the embarking me with him was to hazard my Life, and therefore determined to leave me in Charge with a Brother of his, then Curate of *Odón*, a Village three Leagues from *Madrid*; he did so, and departed with his Wife.

My breeding up was then in *Odón*, at the Breasts of a bouncing Wench, the Wife of a Farmer, rude in Behaviour and Language: Here you see my Excuse beforehand, if in my History I use but little Order in my Words, for what Language could I learn from a Woman of this Rank? She gave me in her Milk the Quintessence of Garlick, Onions and Wine, which was her daily Sustenance. Here you see me rustick in Body and Soul; but as Heaven always takes Care of those whom Men forsake, I grew strong and robust with this Harshness, but I retained the Physiognomy of the Nurse,
her

her brown Skin, and a surly Frown, perchance learn'd from that which she always put on when she looked upon me; so powerful is the Imagination: In such Manner did the Fear of her Severity possess me, that musing always upon it, it remained imprinted on my Face; my Head was fortified by her hideous Clamours, and my Patience by meer Vexations.

Now at seven Years of Age, my Uncle considering that it was time I should learn to read and write, taught me, in Company of another Nephew of his of the same Age, which he kept in the House; I, in my Looks, shewed always a contumacious and rebellious Wit, together with a stubborn kind of Reservation, insomuch, that in the Town they courteously called me *el Cenudo*, or the Frowner, instead of calling me the Fool.

My Uncle was harsh of Humour, but had a plodding Head of his own; and therefore, notwithstanding he whipped my School-fellow at every Turn, for the Neglect of his Lesson, yet did he correct me but seldom, saying, that I that was a Fool, for my Dulness might be excused, but not the other, because he shewed a free Wit: From that Time forward did my Folly begin to stand me in stead, since it saved me so many Whippings; and I lost nothing in the Conclusion, for I learn'd as much as the other, because he learned very little. Eight hundred Ducats did the Cure bring in yearly to my Uncle, and yet for all this he was so miserable that he made use of us instead of Servants, and kept no other; But I was born with I know not what Pride in my Heart, which pulled me by the Sleeve, and reprehended me every Time I did any Thing that was unworthy.

He used to send me for Wine, and I, that had always a liquorish Palate, play'd the Taster to the Pitcher, but that Town being plentiful of Water, I repaid it doubly out of the first River I came at; my Uncle apprehending it in the Taste, somewhat troubled, began to say, that I being a Fool the Woman of the
Tavern

Tavern still gave me of the worst, and so sent me no more.

To these Messages my Companion proffered himself with great Diligence, for he was naturally a Friend of Play, and loved gadding abroad; but I escaped not scot-free, for it cost me the Care of the Bells, a Thing, in my Opinion, most troublesome, and what would almost be impossible for me to undergo if I were not otherwise enabled, and my Folly should not succour me. The good Curate contrived to spare a Sexton, and that I should pay for it. I had not a Head to run up and down the turning Stairs of the Steeple so many times a Day, nor to endure the Noise of the Bells; for having in the Milk sucked in so much Wine and Garlick, my Head was in a perpetual Giddiness.

I remember once, that sleeping in the most sound and quiet Time of the Night, there came a Husbandman of the Town in great Haste, to intreat my Uncle that he would give Order to knock the Bells for Child-birth, because his Wife was just crying out: My good Curate then waked me, saying, rise *Perico*, rise, and ring for Child-birth, quickly, quickly; I got up, and as we Fools have great Memories, I retained in it the quickly, quickly, and I knocked the Bells so nimbly that the Inhabitants of the Town had thought, without doubt, it rang for Fire: At the Alarm they all got up, running out of their Houses, some with Pitchers, others with Kettles, others with Buckets, and others with Seringes and several Engines, all came straight to the Church to ask me where? where? I answered in such an one's House, thinking that they would know where the Woman in Labour was; and the Curate being fallen asleep again, I had no body to shew me my Error.

The Neighbours were all thus gathered together in a Tumult, at the House of the Woman in Labour, and seeing a great deal of Smoak go up out of the Chimney, for they had, by Chance, kindled the Child-bed Fire of Straw (which is poor People's Fuel upon Necessity)

city) they all supposed that there the House was on Fire indeed, and began to pour on their Pitchers, Kettles, Seringes, and other Engines of Water, to untile the House and pull down the Chimney, that they might quench the Fire; others fell to breaking open the Doors with a terrible Clattering, and hearing the Woman crying out with her Pains in the Bed, believed she did it for Fear of the Fire, they carried her out in their Arms into the Street, no Arguments nor Intreaties being sufficient to prevent it. When they came near, to see more at Leisure where the Fire was, there was fallen such Abundance of Rubbish upon it, that they thought the poor Woman owed her Life to that Diligence, who was delivered before all the Town, in the Middle of the Street, and of a Multitude of Lights, that the Child might be sure not to want Witnesses nor Gossips.

The Relation of the Husband was not sufficient with the Town, to persuade them that they were not called to the quenching of a Fire, but to Child-birth; tho' he swore it a thousand times yet they believed him not: So ordinary a Thing it is to give more Credit to a Rascal than to an honest Man. I was sorry the Fault was not laid at my Door, but my Uncle suspected it, which was best for my Ease; for seeing that I understood not the Office, he resolved to take it from me in a few Days, and dissembled it at present, because he would not anger the Parties aggrieved.

A while after died one of the principal Men of the Parish, a Gentleman, and of good Parentage, but a Person that would make a Fool of himself when he was in his Wine, so that being a little elevated, would go out upon a Holyday with a Tabor and Pipe to make merry, and dance with the Maids and young Men of the Town, in a ridiculous Manner: My Uncle knew of his being dead, and at the Instant came hastily to me, Go, *Perico*, said he, go ring for the Dead, and without Laziness, for the Love of God, merrily, merrily: He thought that I understood he meant the Bells, and supposed it was sufficient to make Signs to me. I went

to my Belfry very carefully, to obey him with all Punctuality, and considered how he had commanded me to ring for the Dead merrily : God blefs me, thought I to myself, surely the Physician of the Town is dead, or the *Scrivano* (or Attorney) since my Uncle has a mind I should celebrate it with so much Mirth : I be-
thought myself that the merriest Sound, in my Opinion, was the *Chacona*, and knocked the *Chacona* with both my Hands on two Bells, so to the Life, and with so much Air, that many afterwards swore to me, it had made them dance.

The Parents of the dead Man thinking it was to mock him for being a Taborer, took their Half-pikes and Lances and coming towards the Belfry, before they got thither they began to shout, and call out, Rogue, Rascal, dost thou not know what thou do'st ? I seeing that Squadron together, armed at all Points, confirmed my Suspicion, and verily believed they came to make merry for the Death of some of the aforesaid, * with a *Torneo de a pie* ; I then more pleased myself with the Sound, but they redoubling their Noise, I held still a little for Curiosity, and heard them say, who bad thee, Rascal, who bad thee ring after this Manner ? I believing that they had admired it, answered, my Uncle, the Curate ; scarcely had they heard that when they departed towards his House, but by this he came running to the Steeple, with his Gown tuck'd up at his Girdle, sweating Drop after Drop, and crying out, What do'st thou do, Fool ? What do'st thou do, Beast ? Perceiving him angry I let alone the Bells, and he proceeded, Come down from thence, Beast, for thou undo'st me : I came down, and found my good Curate compassed about by all those Executioners, who made a great Noise ; but I minded not what they said, only listning to my Uncle, heard him say, He'll tell ye. Let him tell : They all replied, he has already told us ; and at this they drawing nearer, my Uncle call'd to me, Come hither (Son of a Whore) did I bid thee knock the *Chacona*? (my Father

* Or Battaile Dance in *Spain*, wherein they skirmish, dancing with Lances, Daggers, &c. in their Hands.

ther could have said no more to me). Why, said I, did you not bid me ring merrily? What then can you have merrier? This gave them all Satisfaction, and they departed.

Who now would not have said that this Folly should have been my undoing? Yet it was not, but the Ease of my Trouble; for my Uncle's Anger being appeased, and he supposing that I did it out of Ignorance, never beat me for the Neglect; and not to see himself in such another Premunire, took from me my Office of Governor of the Bells, and gave it to my Cousin and Companion.

He had a little Suspicion of his being somewhat greedy, and in regard he loved him more than me, he had employed him in the Care of the Larder; now the Man being miserable, he thought he did well to change his Officers, therefore made me his Dispensor, or Overseer of his Provisions, and gave me the Keys of a Room where he kept all his Dainties. You see me here Master of all my Desire meerly by my Follies.

He delivered all to me by Account, Cheeses, Honey, Pome-citron, Boxes of Quince Marmalate, two dozen Gammons of Bacon, as many dry'd Sausages, and a thousand other Knacks of the Nuns: In fine, I took him a little out of each of these Meats, and if he said Mass betimes, I also took Care to give him a Biscuit and Wine, but thought much to give him all and leave none for myself, and yet feared lest my Uncle coming to know the Loss, should take from me the Key, and throw me out to the Choir to sing, without more ado: So I hit upon a Stratagem, and it was to give out a Report that there were a World of Mice haunted us; with this I eat as much Cheese, Biscuits and Sweetmeats, as I had a mind to: but being somewhat more affectionate to the Gammons of Bacon, I supposed the Mice could not keep me blameless for this, they ordinarily eating little, because they are hindered by the Rind of it: Now, my Uncle going in daily to see the State of his Dainties, for certain (said I once to him) there is no suffering this ill Neighbourhood of the Mice, for I al-

ways find somewhat or other devoured; if you, Sir, think, fit, we will put into the Larder a Cat that shall give them their Payment; the Countel was liked well by my Uncle, who was very angry at the pilfering of the Mice; so he made a Cat-hole in the Door, and I went in to serve for a Cat, and cut what I liked of the Gammons and Sauages, and while the rest were at Church, and a little old Woman gone to the Market for Meat, I fry'd it for myself, and drew the Devil out of my Guts. The Curate coming home noted what was wanting, and concluded straight, that the Cat had eaten it; and although I did him more Mischief, so great was his Anger against the Mice, that he was well enough contented, and said, 'tis no matter since these scurvy Vermin die in Exchange of my Loss. I always kept shut the Cat-hole, because the Cat and I being then both of one Trade, I would not that she should out-do me in any Thing.

Sixteen Years spent I in this Life, without knowing ~~that I could have a happier~~; which was no great Matter indeed for me; for whilst a Man desireth no more than what he enjoyeth, he may say, that he enjoyeth his Heart's Desire: I found within me a certain covetous Inclination to Books, which never left me, and went abroad into the Fields with some of my Uncle's, as *Guzman* the Rogue, *Obregon* the 'Squire, *Lazarillo*, and others of this Kind; I entertained myself sweetly with these at all idle Times, which were many, in Summer in the Shades, and at the Sun in Winter.

It happened at the Time of the Festival, which they use to make to the Sacrament, that there was in the Castle of *Odón* a great Gentleman Prisoner, for a certain Quarrel which he had had with a Nobleman in the Court: He undertaking on his own Account to make it for that Purpose, sent for a Company of Stage-players from *Madrid*, those who had made their *Autos* (or Acts) there on the same Occasion; who represented in *Odón* two of excellent Variety of Verses of profound Conceit, and above all with great Ornament of Cloaths. I was in great Admiration at it, and followed after them open-mouth'd,

mouth'd, as if by that all those Graces would have entered into me: They acted some Comedies in the Castle to entertain that Gentleman, of which I lost not one Tittle, neither was it possible for me to do otherwise.

After they had been there three Days, I perceived they talked of going away, and had a Couple of Coaches at the Gate, having already taken Leave of the *Alcàlde*. Here I was ready to lose my Senses, wishing I had never seen them, for it seemed to me I should never be able to live in their bitter Absence; so much did this Desire work in me that it mastered my Cowardise, and that natural Restraint which always (to my great Shame) kept me in awe.

I came to one of the Comedians and asked him whether they went? He told me to *Madrid*; are you, reply'd I, to act as many times there? He laughed at me, and said, there, Friend, are two Comedies every Day, and many times half a dozen, with those acted in particular Houses. I already had Knowledge that *Madrid* was the chiefest Town of *Spain*, but I knew not wherein it was so, or what did illustrate it, because I had never been out of *Odón*, neither had I ever had any Desire that my Uncle should let me go out of it; when I heard that in *Madrid* they had of that every Day, and afterwards knew that it was but there hard by; I thought I was very near Heaven, and cursed my Fortune that had for sixteen Years depriv'd me of seeing a Place where there are two Comedies every Day, and many Times half a dozen in particular Houses. I then purposed to say to Death, when he should come with the Writ of Execution, to do it on my Life, that there wanted yet sixteen Years, because those which are imputed to me, that I lived in *Odón* was not to live, nor any Thing like it. What, is it possible, thought I, that any one can live among these Barbarians, that have not two Comedies every Day, and many times six in particular Houses? This I repeated every Moment in my Imagination.

It afterwards happened that the Imprisonment of that Gentleman who was in the Castle still continuing, there came Men of very pleasant Conversation, and Ladies of courtly Behaviour to visit him; I went up and down there amongst them, being become all Eyes, as if I would discover a new World; I made a Friendship with a Page of my own Years, a very straight one, out of a Covetousness that he should inform me concerning those Things: He told me that those with whom his Master pass'd away the Time, deceiving the Sadness of his Imprisonment, were Men that had studied good Learning, and that made Verses, and such Comedies as not long since had been acted there; and that they also writ Books of Entertainment, of which I already had Knowledge: I asked him if they were of *Madrid*, and those Ladies; he told me yes: I asked also, with much Simplicity, if in *Madrid* the Cavaliers used to keep so many Women; and even the Rogues too said he, keep as many as they can get with their Industry, or with their Money: That, I told him, I had read of the Great Turk: Friend, said he, he keeps them as his own Wives, these do not: So much the better, said I, much more pleasant seems this Manner of *Gusto* to me: The Great Turk surely knows not how to solace himself with so much Ease. When I knew that in *Madrid* they had Comedies, ingenious Men, delicate and beautiful Women, and that without the Trouble of Marriage they were enjoyed, at the Expence of Money or Industry; I could not resist this Desire, but yielded up my Arms to it, and resolved that my Departure should be very suddenly.

Now knowing that it was not enough to go to *Madrid*, unless Money went with me, because the poor Man lives exposed to all Miseries in the Streets, I fell to plotting how to go to *Madrid* in a good Condition.

My Father sent by every Fleet about four hundred Crowns to the Curate, my Uncle, for the Charges which he supposed were laid out on me, in maintaining me at the University of *Salamanca*, studying the Faculty

culty of the Laws ; a Thing which he had often recommended by several Letters ; to which my Uncle answered, that although I was still a Fool, yet he hoped that in a short time he should civilize me a little more ; because I should not be there the mock and laughing stock of all. At this time came the Fleet and the four hundred Crowns ; me thought it was pity that he should be paid with so much liberality, who bred me up with so much misery : And as a strong desire, never wants Arguments to set it forward ; it seemed to me but a Case of Restitution, to take from him that which came for my self, so I did, and with regard to my opinion, for even to steal it is good to have the opinion of being a Fool.

My Uncle put his Breeches where he kept the Key of the Money under his Pillow ; when he therefore was in bed, it was impossible to open the Cabinet without manifest danger ; wherefore the contrivance was thus.

About two o' Clock in the Night, it being very dark, I rose with great silence, and opened the Door of the Street, and all the rest to that where the Curate was ; and afterwards being come to my Bed, I began to cry, Sir, Uncle, Sir, Uncle, Thieves, Thieves ! He wakes, and hearing the Noise, in a Moment jumps into the Floor, taking a Sword which he had on the Bed's Taster, and being amazed, asked where doest thou hear them ? Where are they ? At the Street-door they make a Noise, said I, With this he hastens to the street door, which was not near, telling me that I should rise and light a Candle. All this while my Cousin Slept.

I searched the Pockets, took the Key of the Cabinet, where the four hundred Crowns were newly come ; and finding them in a Purse, I left the Cabinet open ; then although I felt the Candle, I went not to light it, till I had first laid up in security the Purse of my Joy, my life, and all my Remedy. The Curate having found the Doors open, fell, in the first place, to shutting that of the Street, and locking of it, and the Key being then on the inside, he took it out of the lock, thinking the Thief was within, and that with this he should hinder his passage out, and catch him with the theft in his hands :

hands : then cryed out, Boy, bring hither the Candle, bring the light. I came down with it, and found him with his back against the Street-door in a fighting posture, cutting and slashing the Air, and calling out Sacrilegious, Rogues, the Curate, must you rob the Curate ; Sacrilegious Villains ?

When the Light was brought come hither *Perico*, said he, follow me let us go visit every Room by its self in order, so we did ; and went looking them all till we came where the theft had been done ; when he saw the Cabinet open, he was almost dead, and fell into a cold Sweat, as if they had taken away his blood ; and no marvel for Money is the Blood of the Life, without which no Man is able to breath : At last, after he had a good while considered the Robbery, he said, 'tis done, we are come too late : Then came to the Drawer, and seeing the Purse wanting, cryed, All's lost ; I durst have sworn it, the Thieves are already gone ; that was the Noise thou heardst at the Door.

Let us go to the *Alcalde*, that he may take our Testimony concerning the Substance of the Crime : But now I think on't, stay thou in the House, and lock the Door on the inside, lest it should be the Devil, and in the mean time should return for more ; with this he went, and I shewed some resentment at the Accident. The Justice coming presently, did what is usual in such Cases, and afterwards went their ways.

I let some days pass over, and one morning that appeared very chearful and pleasant, from which might be gathered a happy Omen, my hearts side being comforted with the Purse, I took my way towards *Madrid*, thinking on the new way of Living, which Heaven offered me ; And that which gave me the greatest trouble, was the Sirname of *Hernandez* ; which I inherited of my Parents, and that *Pedro Hernandez* sounded like a Fool on a Stage : I remembered me that I was more indebted to my Friend than to my Father, since by it I had enjoyed so quiet a Life ; therefore purposed always to call my self *Pedro Cenudo*.

I went into *Madrid* at the Gate called, *Puerta de La Vega*, and came straight up to the little Market place of *San Salvador*, where seeing a confused number of People, I asked what they were; they told me *Alguazils* and *Sciuanos* (or Bailiffs and Attorneys :) It grieved me already to think I was come where there was so much Justice. Sinner that I am, said I, we could not live in our own Town, only for having one *Scivano* in it: How shall I live hear, where there are so many?

A little farther as I came to the *Puerta de Guadalaxara*, I met the Page with whom I had contracted the friendship in *Odon*. He was very glad to see me: I told him that I had had a falling out with the Curate, and was come from him, with intention to live in the Court. Thou comest in good time, replied he, for at a certain place, they have intreated me to seek them out a Page; if thou hast a mind to be one, thou wilt be in a good way to live. I considered on his Counsel, and it seemed to me not ill: For although I brought with me, good store of Money yet that would easily waste, if I should live unprovided, and it was best keeping it till a time of necessity, to help at a dead life.

He carried me, at my request, to the *Roperia*; I bought there a Suite and Cloak of black Searge, then we came to a Shop, where they sold Starched Ruffles and Cuffs; these I also bought, and made my self more Gallant then *Narcissus*; for *Narcissus* never wore a starched Ruff: From that time I knew that Money was the most powerful thing in the World; and that it supplied the defects of Nature, since a Man that came so Rustick as he that had been bred up among the Beasts of the Field, in an instant, by virtue of this great Prince, was Gallant, full of Air, and Courtly.

He then carried me to be seen to my Master, who was an *Arrogonian* Gentleman, large of Statue, and in years, but short of Sight. He was married to a young Lady of about sixteen, and came to Court to pretend for a Title; now to qualify himself the better, he took great care about the Number and Ornament of those that served him; and seeing me well clad, and of an Aspect as
severe

severe as an * *Alcalde* of the Court : This Lad, says he, looks not amiss : Whence art thou ? Native of *Madrid*, answered I ; then, said he, thou art no Fool, as though Fools could not be born in *Madrid*. He would have treated about my Sallary ; but I, not well understanding it, said, Trouble not your self, Sir, concerning that ; for I esteem it a sufficient interest, to honour my self with the Title of your Servant. You shall see here that my knowing little was of profit to me in this, for the good Gentleman, obliged by the courtesy, took an affection to me, and gave me what I had need of, with a liberal Hand ; whereas if I had made a positive Bargain as the others did, he had given me the bare Salary of the rest, who had not wherewithal to buy Shoes.

New Cloaths, and the occasion awakened in me, I know not what Divine Lights, that made me admire my own self. I went to kiss my Mistress hands, and found in her the liking as in her Husband ; she asked me some questions, which I briefly and mysteriously satisfied, always shewing in the blushings of my face, the honesty and modesty of my Nature.

My Master being a † Pretendient, stayed not much at Home, which I liked but ill, for he would suffer neither Page nor Lacquay to stay at Home, thinking he lost his Nobility in losing the Sight of any one of us. See what the Honours of the World are, and the Ostentation which gives credit to Merits, which are to be adorned with little slovenly Lacquays and Pages ; from that time I began to Philosophize.

How is it possible, thought I, that all can pass by this Madnels, and can take for Merit and Pledge of Estimation, that which is anothers ; and from so niggardly and froward a Mistress as Fortune, a Woman, in fine, covetous and variable, that at the first distaste, cries, This is mine, give me it again.

We went sometimes all the Day long following his Horse, and I said within my self, Whither sufferest thou thy

* Or a Judge.

† One that sued for an Honour in the Court

thy self to be carried? Thou followest a Beast, there needs no other Proof, that thou shalt never come to good. At other times my Pretendient went out in his Coach, and although there was room enough to spare, for us four Pages in the Boots, he would not give us that honour, not to go without that which we gave him, walking a foot round his Coach, with our green Liveries, like Footboys of the Pageant Giants, which are carried in Procession.

I rested not in the Nights, for the greatest part of them I was employed in carrying Notes and Messages to this and the other Nobleman, a thing insufferable for my Humour, by reason of the nice difficulties which used to be at the Doors of these People, and for the Ceremony which their Presence useth to oblige; I could not endure that of making me Dance *per force*, with so much Reverence, and cringing of my whole Body *: Since that the unregarded kneeling to one of these neglectful Grantees, who for not turning his Eyes, will keep a Man cursing with Devotion: Which ill Fortune remained with me so long as the Opinion of being wise. The Devil put it into my Head to appear so, and to be a Graduate: For confident of this, my Master sent me on all Messages, that I rested not quiet a Moment. I then turned Fool again, and was fortunate: the manner was strange,

One Night very late, being weary, as I used to be, my Master had writ a Letter, to send by the Post; but being called away to Supper, he said to me, close thou this Letter, put upon it the Superscription, and carry it to the Post of * *Arragon*, for it imports me very much. He went to Supper, and I staid reading the Letter, which seemed to be of Love: for after many tender Expressions, he sent to tell a Woman, that by all means she should come to see him, for by reason of his Business he could not be absent from Home. In the Margin he put

* It was a Custom in *Spain* formerly when a Page brought any Note or Letter to a Nobleman, to deliver it kneeling.

† A Kingdom in *Spain*.

put the Name of the Person to whom he writ, as he ordinarily used to do, and therefore told not me what I should put in the Superscription ; supposing that I would perceive that it was for a Sister of his, by the Name which he had left written.

Near our Precinct was a Lady of Pleasure, one of those that receive Visits, a Person so great a Friend of her Servants, that she could not live unless they left her some Pledge of their Passion, whereby she might adore their Memories : To be plain, she was a most impudent hackney Jade, was of *Arragon*: and called in mockery the Post of *Arragon*. I seeing a Love Letter, and for the Post of *Arragon*, thought that without doubt, it was for her : so sealed it, but would not write a Superscription, it seemed to me a Madness to put one upon an amorous Paper.

I carried it to the Post, she asked me whose it was ; I told her a Gentleman of *Arragon*, whose Name came in the Paper : She opened it very amorously, and read it thus :

My Dear,

TO make me most happy, there needs no more than that thou wilt have it so ; and thou wilt shew it, in coming to see me, the Way is short, and I would to God that I were free from Business, then I assure thee, I would go to thee every Day : there shall not be wanting any thing to pleasure thee, when thou wilt come to make joyful this thy House , And because I hope shortly to see thee, I do not give thee any account of other Cares of greater Moment, God preserve thee, &c.

Madrid.

She was very much pleased at the courtesy of the Paper, and desirous to comply with what it required, she asked me if that might be a good Opportunity, I told her, Yes : Because my Master shewed a great desire that she should come at the Instant that he sent me to call her. She made me sit down in a Chair, and calling a Servant that was half a Tawny-moor, she went into

an

an inner Chamber, where she tricked herself up in her Silver laced Waistcoat, her Mantle embroidered with Gold, and all her *mundus muliebris*; and afterwards taking her Maid by the Hand, and seeing but with half an Eye thro' her Veil, we came to my Master's House. I went in first to prepare him, and finding him at Supper with his Wife, I whispered him in the Ear, and said to him, Now, Sir, the Post of *Arragòn* is here. What dost thou say? replied he. That I have brought her here, said I, beautiful as a thousand Pieces of Gold: The good old Man knew not that there was so pleasing a Post; for he thought they had all been bearded, and understood me not, making me a thousand Questions, nor did I understand him: In fine I said to him, Come forth, Sir, for she expects you in your Chamber, and it is not Courtely to keep her so long: She tarried less in dressing herself than your Worship in rising from your Chair.

Up gets the good old Man, blessing himself, and coming down to a Room which he had near the Entry, well furnished, he found in it the Post, a young Girl of a good Countenance, much Gentleness in her Eyes, and Sweetness in her Cheeks, all Smiling and Pleasantness, who holding the Paper in her Hand, and having made her Court'sy to him that was astonished at the Novelty, she said to him, Sir, for you to command one, who esteems it so great a Happiness to be yours, what needed so courteous a Paper? Any Message is sufficient wherein you command me to serve you. The old Man apprehending the Error which happened, and rejoicing in his Heart at it, longed in good earnest to be making much of her, and accounted the Mistake for lucky.

My Mistress who had noted the Secret which I told him at Table, and that he had risen up in a Surprise from it, was somewhat troubled, and sent a Chambermaid to watch him, who related both what she did see, and what she did not see: My Master, said she, hath got a Mistress, and *Perico* is the Pimp; she's the bravest Wench in the whole Town; by my Faith he is not so liberal to you as he is to her: This old Dotard, what a

Golden Mantle he has given her, and a Silver Waistcoat ! the good Man seems young again : This you deserve for your Foolishness, but hereafter you will learn more Cunning, being served by so many Gentlemen as you are : Presently you'll be saying, alas, my Husband, how I love thee ! An ill fire light on the best of him, who would think that his Years were not sufficient to make him ashamed ? Pray, consider if this be so, what will a young beardless Husband be ? A Mischief on the Bride that shall be married, these are no Times to put Trust in any Body ; By the Age of my Mother, Mistress, because I saw him so cold with you, I had thought he had forgot his Love-Toys with his Age ; a Curse upon him, for, by my Truth, they are not forgotten with those whom he loves well.

The poor Gentlewoman at this was ready to have lost her Senses, but seeing what a shameful thing it would be for her self, if it should be known, how that a rotten old Man despised her for, a foolish young Wench, she disssembled it with the greatest Mildness she could, pretending not to understand it, and made show to the Maid, as though she did not believe her.

Away went the Post, and my Master calling me, chid me, but I satisfied him, telling him my Credulity ; and since it had been no ill Bout for him, he passed it by, purposing to hold me from thence forward, in the Opinion of a Fool. Therefore took from me the Papers and other Businesses in my Custody, fearing some other Folly of greater Consequence.

You see me here eated already, only for one Folly : What should I have been, if I had done many ? Thus when Fortune considered that I was a Fool, she began to look upon me with a milder Countenance, and to treat me as a Friend for my Resemblance of her.

My Mistress was mollified, by the Addresses, Cares, Importunities, and Subtilties of a Noble-man, who with equal Power and Caution served her ; she suffered his Courtship, received his Presents, his Comedies and his Treats, only that she might not be thought Clownish ; she answered his Notes, not to be discourteous ; finally,

she liked the young Man well, because she liked the old Man ill. And accounting me for Secret, Wife, and a Dissembler; and graduating me with the Pimpship of her Husband, she desired him that he would give Leave that I might be employed in her Service, her Messages, and Waiting on her: and that the Page which she, till then, had kept for this, might serve him in my Stead; my Master was glad at the Truck, and struck the Bargain, as one that swops away a Horse.

After a few Days Service of my new Commandress I was called aside by a *Duenna*, or Governess, into a Room alone, peeping in every Corner to see if no body heard us: I observing her Behaviour, concluded, that for certain she would give me a Schooling for the passed Pimping; the reverend Matron with her pontifical Habit, a Hermit-like Rosary about her Neck, a little Book of Devotion in her Hand, and a Pair of large Spectacles on her Nose, took me by the Arm, and said, Although honest Men have no need of being admonished, that they should be so, because their Natures stand prompting them to it, yet for all this they often slide into many Errors, by not knowing the Way: This, my Son, I will now teach you; you are in a very principal and honourable House, and till now have served the Master of it; but the Neglects which are committed with them, are not so notable as those which are committed with Ladies; you serve my Mistress, mind me what I say, you must bend to her Desires, you must accomplish her Will; for those who serve must not dispute whether that which is commanded be just or not, that is more for Churchmen than Pages: If you would do discreetly, and for your own Good, you need no other Loadstone than Obedience and Secresy: Obey, Friend, and be silent, if you would be obeyed another Day; you see many in these Streets that are served well, only because they have served well.

My Mistress knows you to be loyal and secret, because you have been so with your Master, and altho' this hath been to her Prejudice she esteems you for it, as it is Reason, considering that you also will be faithful with her henceforward, being her Page.

There

There serves my Mistress (you must know) a Nobleman of this Court, a Person powerful and liberal ; she is a Woman ill match'd, and owes some Gratitude to the Love of this Prince, and telling me his Title, you are to carry him, said she, this Paper, which is the Answer of another of his, and the Reward which he shall give, will advertise you whether it be good to serve with Secrecy or no ; and because it is not convenient to be telling you of it always, from henceforth I forewarn you, that all the Errands which shall be given you for my Mistresses Cozen, you must carry to the Earl ; and this is enough for the first Lesson. I gave her Thanks for the good Documents, and carried the Paper.

There I perceived how prejudicial a Fool is, since by my Folly that Gentlewoman came to cease being so, by becoming jealous and revengeful to her Husband. Foolishness in Men is like Poison in poisonous Creatures, of which the Naturalists write, that it never does Hurt to themselves, but to others ; I wax'd fat with my Follies, and others are destroyed by them : Here I also observed, that the Folly and Lightness of married Women was for the most part learn'd of their Husbands ; for, as *Pliny* says in his Panegyrick to *Trojane*, they esteem it an Honour to imitate their Husbands.

Married Friend that most Nights leavest thy Wife, and goest to seek another's ; do not confide in that thy Wife is very obedient, for even for that Reason she may imitate thee with more Facility. What a pleasant Life did I lead in my new Office ! The first Pages of the World ; those that took up this Occupation by their own Choice, and not by Use as now a Days, and that too for want of other Employment, they I say, were allured by this Prosperity of Pages ; let us speak plain, I mean of Pimping : The Page that is not a Pimp is not a Page, but a meer Pretender to it. This is the greatest good Fortune, to this are all his Desires steered. The Page that thou shalt see well clad, brisk, and full of Money, has already attained to his Perfection ; the other poor tatter-de-malians are still in their Sack-cloath.

cloath. How many Plays was I carried to? What Sport did I see? At what splendid Feasts was I present? How much Gold had I given me? What Acquaintance did I gain? and from whence came all this good Fortune to me, but only for having the Reputation of a Fool! My Mistress thought that I had understood nothing of what I saw, and therefore confided all in me, as though she did not confide in me at all.

At this Time there happened to me a very pleasant Accident, which was on this manner. The Gentleman of the Horse had a Spight to a pretty Lady of a certain middle Humour, betwixt grave and airy: He had treated her as a respectful Lover, and made her Hands sparkle with certain Diamonds, in which his Foolishness was resplendent: And coming a few Days before his Time, with the Caution which he thought convenient, he caught her napping with a Nobleman; another Night returning he found her with another, at this he was twoln with such honourable Jealousies, that he was ready to have burst, therefore contrived this Revenge.

He intreated me to put on my Master's richest Suit of Clothes, which was in his Custody, and that accompanied by the rest of the Pages of the House, I should go visit her, feigning my self an Earl, and that I should rifle from her as much as I could by handsome Ways; for she was a Woman who not only trusted her Jewels to Gentlemen, but her self also, which without Scruple she delivered up to them. Now I considered that being so grave, she would not be willing that the first Visit should be made by Night, we therefore were of Agreement that it should be by Day, and in my Master's Coach, who was then three Leagues from *Madrid*, seeing the Sister which he writ to, when I call'd the Post; but the Gentleman of the Horse charged me, that above all I should feign my self a Fool, because this foolish greedy Woman would confide the more in me.

In this Equipage we came to her House, I very gallant in the chief End of the Coach, and the Pages waiting.

waiting upon me ; bad them say that the Earl of *Rapina* was there, they having first given Notice we enter in ; I made my Congies little and measured, sat me down, and without speaking a Word, stood viewing her from Top to Toe ; and do you think this was the Action of one in Love ? No such Thing I assure you ; it was a Project, as you shall presently hear.

I beheld her, and considered how is it possible thought I, that so good a Face should have such wicked Ends ? That so beautiful a Head should be so empty ! What a Sottishness it is for us to run mad after Beauty ? I always thought that they had esteemed good Faces, because they promise Perfection in all the rest, as well of the Body as of the Soul : For Nature in nothing dealt so kindly with Men, as in putting in their Faces a Superscription, which tells the Disposition of every one : By it is known any whosoever. The Frowner, like me, stands saying with his Face, take heed of me, for I am discontented and ill Conditioned : The Chearful one saith, I am all Pleasantness and Goodness : The swarthy and tawny Complection, that he hath a course Soul : The high coloured and bright haired, that he is desperate. From hence then arose our Estimation for Beauty, but well looked upon, it should not, since we see that a beautiful Woman as this, who for certain, was so in Extremity, was both false and mad ; false with the Gentleman of the Horse, and mad with me, as you shall see.

She was troubled to see my Amazement, and I said, 'tis she without Doubt, although she is injured in the Picture. She asked me what it was I said ? I told her, That lying idle at my Seat of *Rapina*, I had sent for the Pictures of the most beautiful Women and Ladies of the Court, and that hers had so infinitely enamoured me, that I left my Lady Mother, and my good Gammons of Bacon, only to see the Original, and that it had appeared to me more perfect than the Picture. She laughed at the Lady Mother and the Gammons of Bacon, and took me for a Fool ; already making Account that she was Lady of all *Rapina* : She used a World of

of sugared Words, and Expressions to me ; she soothed me up, and lulled me with much Gentleness and Tenderness. What think you that this wrought upon me ? No, for although I have confessed I am a Fool, yet not that I am a Brute.

Is it possible there are those that can esteem this Sort of loose Women, who only make their Aim at the worst and less stable Thing that we have. Three Goods adorn us, of the Soul, of the Body, and of Fortune ; the two first which are Discretion, and good Deportment, are the most worthy, the last is not our own ; this then do Women court, and lay their Allurements and Baits to catch it ; this they make much of, and for nothing do they esteem it so highly as for its Instability, since from thence it is that it cometh to their Hands with more Facility ; can any Man esteem these their Flatteries, knowing that they are not for him but against him, and that they are saying in plain Terms, thou art a Fool, and ill favoured, thy Money pleaseth me. I do not say that it is not Reason, we should court the Ladies with splendid Liberality, for it rather is the Promoter of Love than the Hinderer ; what incenses me is, that the Interest should be the Principal, and that there is no remembring of other Pledges more divine.

I assure you upon the Faith of an ill Conditioned Man, that this Creature did not enamour me, but rather she troubled me so much that I shortned the Visit, letting her with great Tenderneſs know, how well I was pleased with some Diamond Rings which she had on her Fingers, of those which are set in the Fashion of Stars with many small Diamonds ; and without more ado, I plucked them from off her Fingers, saying, by the Life of my Mother they shall make you as many more of this same Fashion ; what well made Rings they are, and how pretty they shew ! What, hoe, where are you ? let us away to the Jewellers. With this I took Leave, and she came to the Door to wait upon me, with many shews of Gratitude and Pleasure for this Honour, professing her self to be much my Servant. I carried my Rings to the Gentleman of the Horse, who staid for

us hard by ; and taking him into my Coach, gave him my Side, and we together shared the Booty betwixt us ; so ended his Courtship.

I then perceived that those who shew an Affection to this sort of Women, do it not so much for Love, as for Custom ; 'tis a confusion, not a wound ; they do it as Men hair-brained, not as those in Love. I went reprehending his ill Choice, and added, My Love succeeds better with me ; for I am enamoured of a young Damself, where there is no Danger of these Businessses. If she does me any Favour it is faithful and true, for Covetousness doth not teach her to counterfeit : If she does me none, 'tis not contempt of me, because I suppose that she doth it but to keep the *decorum* which is due, and I have hopes too that she dissembles a Love : But I have none of these infamous Jealousies, for I stand secure on her Merits, that yield not up themselves on easie Terms.

The Doctor *Cenudo* was much pleased at the recital of this his amorous enterprize, expecting great Applause from Don *Felix*, and looking upon him with Attention to see how he commended it, perceived he was fallen asleep. The Historian being displeased at this neglect, pretended not to understand that it was asleep, and knowing he was sometimes troubled with a Pain at his Heart, which was wont to make him faint, he took a Basin of Water, saying, Bless us ! Heaven deliver thee ! threw it all in his Face. Don *Felix* awaked, and seeing that he had taken it for a Swound, thought it a great Happiness to have found this Excuse for his unmannerliness ; and feeling himself very wet, and all the Labyrinth of his Ruff spoiled, he gave him Thanks, saying, that he found himself not well, and went away promising to return the Day following. He complied with his Word, fully determining not to sleep, and after having repeated the Account, the Doctor went on with his History.

C H A P. III.

He prosecutes his History, and relates what happened to him in the Court being a Page, and his various Successes in Salamanca.

THIS manner of Platonick Love, these pleasant Conceits, and these amorous Inclinations, confirmed me more in the Reputation of a Fool: For Men generally are so much enamour'd of their own Parts, that they judge for ill and ridiculous all that which they see not in themselves: Now there was none that loved after this Method as I did. Of Force then, they must blame it for ill contrived and foolish: The Gentleman of the Horse laughed at what he should have admired: I praised to him the Caution and wariness with which my Mistress suffered her self to be seen; and I celebrated her Disdains; being more satisfied with them than if they had been Favours, telling him that that was a Thing extraordinary in a Woman of her Deportment and Quality.

The Gentleman of the Horse, that was a merry Fellow, said, What will Senior *Cenudo* lay with me, that if he goes this Evening to see her, in that Pomp and State which he now goes in, and makes her believe that all these Riches came with the Fleet sent by his Father (a thing easie to be believed, since they knew that I had a Father in the *Indies*, and in no ordinary Employment) that she becomes not plyable, flatters him, and humbly corresponds with his Desires. I should be ashamed, answered I, to lay Wagers on Impossibilities: But let us go now and make Tryal, with all my Heart, if you please. We went then, and sending in a Page before to tell them that I was there, the Joy of mine
Eyes

peeped at a low Grate Window, and saw me, but did not yet know me, till I begg'd leave to kiss her Hands, she knew the Voice, came forth surpris'd, and by the Page inform'd her self of the Novelty ; he that was already charmed in the Lye, painted me very rich, and my Father President of the *Canaries* or some such thing. Out comes the Mother and Daughter to receive us, we enter with a World of Compliments : they were astonish'd at the Greatness, not knowing if they should stile me Lordship or Worship : At last my Damsel determin'd to call me Thou, with much tenderness and endearments ; we were seated first in high Chairs, but she bad me sit down upon a Cushion by her side, because she would see me nearer : Then took me by the Hands, and praised the Diamonds, I assist'd my self by my Folly, not to give her them, by not saying they were at her Service ; for although it is a Fault for a Man to fall into the Opinion of being a Fool, it is much greater to fall into that of being covetous, and so I had the Fortune to escape the latter, by falling into the former. She cheerfully and smilingly took my Hand into hers, not to tell me my good Fortune, but to think that she had it very sure.

Ever and anon the Gentleman of the Horse, (whom I then call'd Cousin) look'd upon me, and at every look, fetch'd fresh Blushes into my Cheeks, to see how glad he was to have made that Tryal. I asked for Water, they brought me some, as also great variety of sweet Meats, all sower to me : So much Mistress was Shame over me, that it suffer'd me not to reach what she brought me in her Hands, which the Baggage thought I did out of my dulness and folly.

We then take our Leaves, having been well treated, she desired me very earnestly, that I would see her again that Night, that I would not make my self a Stranger there, nor with my new Fortune forget the Love which I owed her ; with these and such like Follies she accompanied us to the Door (a new Courtesie in Ladies) and the Mother made great Offers to my Cousin, of I cannot tell what, and

told

told him (whilst we were talking by our selves) of the Dowry of her Daughter, of her Quality, and other things which savour'd of Matrimony.

My Cozen, when we saw our selves alone, had no Mercy on me with his scoffing Reproaches, and I was so much ashamed and astonished to see that all were alike, that I yielded up my Love, as he who knew, that neither the first Disdain had been made to me, but to my Poverty; nor the last Favour obtained in Honour of my Person, but of my Fortune; so foolish had I been in her Love, that I esteemed her Contempts as the Credit of her Value, and used to say within my self: This is that which ought to be esteemed; This is Glory.

But I served my self of their Courtesie, and visited them sometimes by Night, very fine with my coloured Cloak, and Hat like a Spark, and my gilded Sword; all which belonged to the Gentleman of the Horse, who was much pleased to see me begin to plot my Revenge.

A great while it was that I enjoyed all that which the strict Religion of Virginitie permits; many excellent Treats, and some Favours of Value. Observe but the Madness of Women, who (only for having an Opinion that I was rich, though I had never given them any thing, but rather received many from them) esteemed me so highly, that they knew not what to make of me.

By this time the cunning Gypsey suspected that I must needs be up to the Ears in Love with her: For they could not imagine that a Man, so much a Fool as I, could lye or dissemble with so much Confidence.

Now, although I understood that she bare me some Love, yet would I not make any Return: Because I knew that Feast was not made really to me, but to the false Riches, which they imagined came to me from the *Indies*: And therefore I remitted the Gratitude to them. I then grew very formally angry, and said within myself; How is it possible that these kind of Women can be so foolish, as to love what is not, nor cannot be; and despise that which hath Being and Value? That thus, can love in me what I have not, and despise what I have? With Opportunity and Converse I began to set
aside

afide Shame, in regard it is the Opinion of wise Men, that it is an ill Companion for the Passages of Love ; and spoke to her now as a Master, never mentioning those heretical Love-Toys which I was accustomed to do, when I was more a Fool ; I remembred me, that she was a Woman of Flesh and Bone, because I beheld her near ; and at the same Instant that I, being incensed against her, did contemn her, she made her self contemptible ; and at the same Instant that I accounted her a Fool, she fooled her self.

I learned then, how important it is for a Man to be a Fool, to enjoy his Love ; for whilst I was Discreet, whilst I knew how to observe the Respect which all understanding Men should observe to Love, I contented my self with Wind and Smoak, and yet got the Opinion of being a mad man : But after I became a Fool in strictness, and Discreet according to the Opinion of the World, I obtained what I would, being called and intreated to it, like a Witness to a last Will.

Without doubt we are in the Fault, the Pride of Women, our Esteem gives them Estimation, our Respect makes them look for it : For as all are highly credulous, and chiefly in Flatteries, give us Belief, thinking, for certainty, that they are what we paint them, and merit the Reverence and Honour which we pay them ; so they esteem themselves, for that which we esteem them : What greater Evidence of their Credulity, than that so soon as they have made an End of putting on a new Face, when, seeing their own Handy-work in the Looking glass, they believe that that white and red Colour is their own, and brought with them out of their Mother's Belly ? We may be confident that they believe it, for if they did not, they would not make such Estimation of themselves as they do. The best Way is to despise them, for he that most respects and adores them, bears Arms against himself : There want not some, who say, that that which made *Narcissus* mad, and desperate, was not his Beauty, but the Flattery of a Nymph : What greater Advantage of thy Beauty, than to see thy self solicited for it, with so many Endearments ? The

Foun-

Fountain could not say so much to him, it rather told him that it was a fading Flower, and easily subject to Miscarriages.

I found many Nights afterwards, other Visits of several Gallants with her, but passed by all without being jealous, a thing that gave me Letters of Favour, that she should wish me for her Husband; nay Avarice too availed me for this; for listening once, I heard her Mother praise me, saying: This Man, my Daughter, is for our Turns; This is one that knows how to keep his Estate, and not spend it amongst leud Women, since loving thee so dearly, he hath never shown any Sign of Prodigality: Well fare the Mother that bare him, for he pleases me, and not these Sweet-meat Gallants, who with two Farthing-worth of Scholarship, four Complements, eight Courtesies, and sixteen Flatteries, all learnt as the Knowledge of a Parrot, by having heard others say them, without knowing themselves what they say, would have us believe that they are very Eagles, and then suffer their Feathers to be pulled like Pigeons.

I having come so often near the Fire, by this time grew a little heated, and began to treat of Marriage, she thinking that in that Word was brought to all the Indies: In exchange of it gave me many Corals, Pearls, Christsals, Silver and Gold, and yet it seemed to her, that she came short: Love did then utterly forsake me, so great a Number of toying Fooleries glutted me, so much sweetness relaxed me, another would have eaten his Fingers after it; but the Palats of Men are almost as different as their Countenances.

My Master, intending to go out to the * *Prado*, one Sunday with more State than usual, because his Majesty that Day was come down to the Duke's Garden, would needs have all the Servants of the House to wait upon him, as well my Mistresses as his own; I went amongst them,

A pleasant Walk on one Side of *Madrid* whither the Gallants resort every Evening in Summer time, to take the Air. It is adorned with many curious Fountains, and rows of high Trees, and is watered at 3 or 4 a Clock in the Afternoons by Porters at the Charge of the Town.

and coming to the Covent of the *Clerigos Menores*, I saw two Women veiled with weaved Smoak, and Clouds of Silk, so thin were their Mantles and Head Coverings; they looked upon me earnestly, and I accounting myself happy in Passages of Love, began to think that they were taken with something in me; whereat I being infinitely glad, walked stately, and let my Master's Coach pass forward, and the ill Company of the Pages, endeavouring not to appear one of them; but it was impossible, because I carried the Brand which clave to my whole Body in the Livery. The Devil invented this Fashion, I had rather have carried a Penitential Coller, for that might be concealed under the Ruffs which they use now a days, but a Livery that on all Sides of it makes Proclamation that it is anothers there is nothing can conceal it.

I drew nearer them, looking very pleasantly, and said to them: The Prize is yours, my Ladies, sheath your Arrows, for on him that yields up himself so soon they are but lost; and so was running on with much Courtship, not fit for modest and vertuous Women, but such as is used to those that are loose and wanton, they held their peace, and looked upon me, one of them whispering to the other now and then, and sighing: 'Tis done, as I live, thought I, the Wench sighs for me, and shall they hereafter find fault with Plays, which introduce a Lady that falls in Love with a handsome Gentleman newly arriv'd, at the first sight, since I a poor Page, and in a Livery, it being now, at least, four Years since I have trotted up and down the Streets of *Madrid*, and this Woman stands sighing for me, me-thought that Shame detained them; I therefore began to tempt her with Roguery, showing that excellent Faculty I had in it, as knowing already by Experience, that that looking another way steers directly forward in these Adventures.

Still the veiled Ladies held their Tongues, with which they enamoured me not a little; for Love is the Son of Admiration, and there is none greater than to see two Women silent so long time; at last the most Brisk and
Airy

Airy of them, putting out a Hand from under her Veil, which might have affronted the Snow for whiteness, made me a Sign with it, that I should follow them, and took their Way towards the most unfrequented Part of the upper *Prado*. I followed them more joyful then *Medora* when he triumphed over the fair *Angelica*, cursing my Destiny that since it had made me so fortunate in my Amours, it had not given me wherewithal to be grateful.

Being now come to the privatest Place of those Groves, they making a Stand, I drew near to her with the talking Hands that gave me a Sign, and came almost to join my Face to hers, but at the Instant she catching me fast hold with one Hand by my Ear, began with the other most furiously to maul me, giving me many Cuffs and Buffets, whilst her Companion armed with the two Woods of her * *Chappines*, which she had taken from her Feet, shower'd such a Storm of Blows about my Ears, and whole Body, as left me half dead: In the Skirmish, she that had laid on with the greatest eagerness, discovered her Face, so that I knew her to be the liberal Damsel, who, finding the Imposture of my Pagick *Indies*, took that desperate Course, and perceiving now that she was known, they unsheathed their Tongues, and with them gave me many Wounds in my Honour; I would have satisfied them, but it was impossible; for they railed so violently, that by any Means they would not suffer me to utter a Word. I fell on my Knees, told them many Stories, made my Pretence of the Errors of Love, and that Love equals all, and other Follies of this Kind: But neither did Conceits profit me, nor Humilities, for returning to maul me afresh, at last, they went away wearied, but not satisfied; threatening me, that the Morfel should cost me my Life.

I unwound the Wheel of my Love, after seeing the *Chappins*, and now began to grow out of Conceit with the Place too, finding that the best which it afforded was stark nought.

* A Kind of wooden Pattens, or Clogs which the Women use to wear.

It happened a few Days after this, that my Master making one of those Journeys from Home, which he was wont to do, the * *Duena* or Governess called me aside, and gave a Paper for my Mistress Gallant, charging me, that I should be watchful that Night, because the Earl was to come to see her, and that I should open him the Door. I promised to do it, carried the Paper, and received for a Reward a Chain of Gold, with which the Earl put me into new Fetters. Now though I was naturally free, ill conditioned, and one that could not brook the seeing things that were indecent; yet this mettall, which by being Son of the Sun, seeming to have its Empire from its Father, did wrest my Disposition, and subjected me as a Slave.

Night came, and my Folly drew me out of this Danger, which, without doubt, was great: The Folly was, I had a Mind to shew my Mistress that I knew the Sreights in which her Honour passed, thinking by this Means I should gain her Favour, and that she would esteem me and treat me better, knowing that the Life of her Reputation was in my Tongue. Surely though the Pleasures of Love should have no other sharpness more than this, of being subject to a malicious Page, and deceitful Governess, it would be Occasion enough to make us forsake them, without giving them any Farewel.

I came with much Eloquence, and told her the Joy in which the Earl remained to see himself so near the Port of his Hope. This was News to her, nor could she understand me till after she had made a strict Enquiry of me, who it was that had given me the Paper, she fell into Account that it was the Imposture of the *Duena*, who had bargain'd to sell her that Night, being greedy of the Gifts, which with an Amorous, that is to say, liberal Hand, the Earl had given her. She asked me if I had formerly carried other Notes or Messages, I told her infinite, and that the *Duena* had given me them all;

* They are for the most Part antient Widows though sometimes Wives, and wear a particular Habit. Of these the *Spanish* Ladies keep, some two, some four or six, according to their Qualities.

whereat she made a thousand Crosses, being extreamly troubled, and said, So, so, you are he that counterfeited the Fool, and she the same that pretended Sanctity; You have brought me to a fine Pass; but, upon my Faith, I have a Husband that will know how to chastise you. Much a-do she had to utter these Words, in such manner had Anger possessed her Breast; wherefore retiring to her Bed-chamber, she left me there in great Confusion with the Payment that such bad Services deserved.

I was astonished at the Trick that the *Duena* had put upon me, for a *Duena* was only able to fool a Man so. This Creature, full of vain Ostentation, proves unfaithful always, with whatsoever comes to Hand: From that time, I began to abhor thole kind of Women; there are no People so Deceitful, nor of such vile Thoughts. And nothing angers me so much as that they should be so ill, under the Dress and Cloak of Devotion. They think not of any other Thing, than how they may sell the young Daughter which the Mother hath committed to their Governance: Or the new married Wife, which the Husband has entrusted them with: 'Tis needful to have a watchful Eye over them, for they are very close Bawds, not like that * *Celestina*, who by the Rents of her Veil discovered her Office: Who the Devil invented that Dress for them, since they are not all Widows? Their Deceit invented it; and to deceive us they put it on.

How brittle is the Honour of Women, that neither sufficeth it to be well born, neither sufficeth the splendour of their Breeding, nor the Ornament of a noble Husband: All is broken in the Hands of a covetous *Duena*; who thinking that all are as ill as she was when she could be so: They imagine that they do them a Kindness when they are injuring them, and promise in their Name filthy Follies.

I revenged my self of the *Duena* much to my Satisfaction: For it being now late, and she gone to Bed be-

* The *Spanish* Bawd Englished, and many times bound up with Gusman.

times, thinking to rise at two of the Clock in the Night which was the appointed Hour for the Meeting: I put on a Farrenden Cloak, came into her Chamber, and to her Bed-side, where she lay alone, rustling my Silks, and speaking with a hoarse Voice, I counterfeited the Person of the Earl, took my buckled Girdle, and with severe Words and Hands, chastised her, much to my Content, pretending to be injured; That an Earl as I, should be affronted in that manner, her Mistress being so Chaste and so Holy.

I then went down to the Street-door, with intent to send back the Earl, but found they had taken away the Key, by the Command of my Mistress, who, not trusting to my Simplicity, nor to the Sanctity of the *Duenna*, would keep it that Night with her self, and had also locked many other Doors that were betwixt that, and her own Chamber.

I went to Bed, seeing the Business was well remedied, but slept not all Night long, for Anger, and Vexation at the Accident, and to consider how uncertain the Judgments of Men are, and how little Credit can be given, even to ones own Eyes, although they are the most faithful Sense: I had seen that she had received his Presents, and his Treats, but my Mistress knew not that they were his; for she had thought, that they had been the Entertainments of a Lady her Friend, by whose Hand they came. So unhappy is Beauty, that even Friendship it self practiseth Treason with it. Let not the unhandsome complain of being little fortunate; but let them believe me, that Beauty brings with it many Cares; and pays a few false Flatteries, with many true Griefs.

The next Morning I arose with the Day, fearful of what might befall me, went to the Earl, and found that he was going to Bed, complaining of his Head, I, counterfeiting a Trouble, besought him that we might be left alone, and said to him, 'Tis well that your Lordship mocks with so much Despight such principal Women. Sir, I come to acquaint you from my Mistress, that you have Entrance granted you into her House, as well

well as into her Breast, and yet you come not at the appointed Hour: Your Lordship should have left Play for one Night, with a Mischief, how much mind soever you might have had to it, you should not have dealt so discourteously with one that so much Esteemed you in a Case that may go near to cost her her Life. By * the Habit I wear, replied the Earl, I have staid there like a Stone of the Porch of her House, since two a Clock in the Night: Then said I, your Lordship hath ill fortune, for I staid waiting for you at the Door a little before that Hour; and hearing a Horse stop, thinking it had been your Lordship, I opened the Door, and said, Is it the Earl? Your Lordship may come in, for my Mistress expects you with Desire enough.

Scarce had I said this, when the Gentleman alighting (who was my Master) took me by the Arm, and thrust me into the House, commanding a Servant that came with him to lock the Door, then put me into his own Chamber, where, after he had given me many Scourges, he pressed me that I should tell him who the Earl that I expected was. I told him a feigned Name, and that it was not any Plot of my Mistresses, but my own, and the *Duenas*, who by the Gifts with which he had corrupted our Loyalties, had promised him the Door that Night; with this he left me, conjuring me that I should keep it secret, and went to chastise the *Duena*, and know from her the Rest. Your Lordship therefore runs a great Hazard, if she discovers it, as I fear she will.

Thou say'st true, said the Earl, for she is a Woman, I have ill trusted my Business, and have undone my self, for the Husband being an *Atrogonian* and Noble, will search me out to kill me, as he hath Reason on his Side, which is a great Advantage: I will therefore absent my self. So he did within a few Days, under Pretence of seeing his Towns, and left me accommodated with a Brother of his, who was to go to * *Salamanca* ve-

* All those Earls who are also Knights do wear the particular Habit of their Order.

ry suddenly, with whom I went a Page, and took the Way of Discretion by meer Folly.

You see here, that my being a Fool was not only profitable to me, but also the feigning my self to be one, for only my feigning that I had done so great a Folly, as going out to receive another which came on Horseback, thinking it was the Earl; (as if Gallants and those so wary as he was, would have gone [the Rounds a Horseback) availed me, and I gained a new Master, which was to my great Advantage.

He was the second in the Earl's Family, and had about sixteen thousand *Duckats* of Ecclesiastical Revenue coming in Yearly, yet had more Folly than Rent. Would you now have me stop here, to exclaim with ill Language against Fortune, and tell her, she is mad, since she so much disdained such a Wit as the Doctor *Cenudo's*, that she made him Servant to a Fool, and likewise gave him the Estimation of a Fool? (for herein also the blind Woman shews her Malice) and to the other Coxcomb, a meer dull Blockhead, she gave sixteen thousand *Duckats* of Benefices, as clear and simple as he, and it may be too, a better Opinion of being wise, than to me. For as Flattery is the Harbinger of Fame, he had Money wherewith to oblige her, and to hold her ready at his Beck, and never spoke a Folly, which was not applauded for a high Conceit.

O Riches! Who would think that ye should have Value (being so uncertain) to buy immortal Glories? Such as those which good Opinion leaves bound up in famous Monuments: Now I say, that they have reason who adore you, that they are of a generous and splendid Nature, who deliver up themselves in your Confidence, since in it, they enjoy so high Ambitions. My Friend, if you that have been bred up amongst the Vulgar, have understood that there is such a thing as Fortune, complain of her at your Pleasure, either call her Destiny, or Influence of the Stars, or what you will; but I, who know that all this Celestial Harmony hath its Poles in

* The Chief University of *Spain*.

the Providence of God, have already fallen into Account, that whatsoever shall be distributed amongst us of Goods or Ills, cannot but be with a very great deal of Reason and Justice; and if you do not penetrate the Manner, blame your own Understanding, or do not blame that, but your Pride, which would call Heaven to Examination. If a blind Man should murmur against the Darkeness of the Sun, would you not say that the Fault was in his Eyes? Then why will you not say the same to him, who accuseth the Neglects of Providence, in the Sun of Justice? But because you do not perceive that the Fault is in yourselves.

Do you not think that the Fool, my Master, who was born so, had most need of those sixteen thousand *Ducats*? Because it was of Force, according to the Order of the Heavens; since if he should not have had them, he had suffered two most grievous Detriments, which would have argued Injustice: One in being born naked, of the chiefest Goods, which are those of the Wit: The other in that with this Want, he remained also without the Succour, that should help human Necessities: The Providence then was, that in Regard the most excellent Goods were not given him, those should be given him which all call Goods; and since Wit was not given him, whereby to succour himself, Wealth should be given him, with which he should be succoured: But I, who thanks be to God, was born with an unbiafed and free Reason, if ill Tongues had not injured me, what greater Goods? I that could avail my self with it, and being employed in Offices, or other Exercifes, could gain what my Nature had need of; why should I complain, that I was not born rich and powerful? Complain you that are a Fool; yet take heed how you complain; for other Complaints oblige, but these displease: I am poor, and have the Opinion of a Fool; but had I the Reputation of a wise Man, I should not be poor. Do you therefore undertake for me, and assure me, that when I take Pen in Hand, I shall know what I say with Discretion, I shall account my self for very happy; and
you

you may go whither you will with your Opinion and vain Riches, for you have need enough of them.

The Earl had much credited my Modesty, my Wariness, and Secrecy, a Thing that made me my Bed for my Ease, in Confidence of which, my Master employed me only in Matters of his Pleasure: He had also commended to him my Simplicity, and I belied it not with my Frown; therefore the first Frolick which he did in coming to *Salamanca*, was to make Sport with my Mildness, and Goodness (as he called it) to his Friends, to which he added, that I had now and then certain pleasant Conceits, which gilded over my Humour. They determined then to shew what they knew, by discovering what I was ignorant of; but I discover'd what they were ignorant of, by showing what I knew.

There were together about a Dozen of the Servants of those Gentlemen, my Master's Friends, that were making merry with him one Night, who wearing their Fringes, Caps and Hoods, like a *Junco* of Doctors, after the *Salva* given with Trumpets and Kettle-Drums, sent a Message to my Master (I being present) wherein they told him, that in that University there was an approved Custom for a long Time, that they should make a private Trial of the Wit and Ability of every one that should come to learn any Faculty; because former Ages, for not having done it, had fallen into many Errors: That they dispensed with his Worship, in respect of his good Opinion, which had already appeared in his Favour; but that *Pedro Cenudo*, his Servant, was suspected in his Ability, and therefore that he would give leave he might come to an Examination; my Master answered he should come with all his Heart; and thanking much the Doctors that they would honour his Lodging, he received them in a spacious Room wherein all Things were well prepared for the Ceremony.

The Doctors sat down in their Order, as shewing that one had Regard to the Antiquity of the other; and after one of them had propounded with more dilated Reasons,

ions, the same which they had said in their Message ; there came two Mace-bearers for me, who set me in the middle of the Hall upon a little Form, with a lighted Torch on both Sides of me, that they might be Witnesses of my Shame.

Each Doctor asked me various Questions ; them and their Answers I have written in this Paper ; which to convince the Authority of the Doctors, and strengthen the Weaknesses of my Opinion, I straight took care to write, putting them Dialogue-wise, for Shortness, with these two Letters, M which stands for Master, and F for Fool ; do you read it who have the best Eye-sight, and you will see how little we may trust to Doctors, or how little distrust Fools ; since they hold these Sentences for Follies. *Don Felix* took the Paper and read thus.

The Fool's Examination.

M. Which is the most discreet Folly ? F. Love. M. Which is the most entertaining Folly ? F. Play. M. Which is the most excusable Folly ? F. Ambition. M. How may a Fool cease being so ? F. By knowing that he is so. M. How shall he know that he is so ? F. By discoursing with wise Men. M. What hath a Man need of to become wise ? F. To be Modest and docible. M. Why are there so many Fools in the World ? F. Because no body thinks himself one. M. To what Science are you inclined ? F. To all. M. And are you able to learn all ? F. Do you know how to teach me them all ? M. All are taught in this University. F. If then all are taught, why may not all be learn'd ? M. The Life of Man is too short for so large an Undertaking. F. Is there more to be done than to lengthen it ? M. How can it be lengthened ? F. By unloosing the Knots which restrain it. M. What Knots restrain it ? F. The Pleasures of Love, the Bewitchings of Play, the Follies of Ambition, and the Madness of Covetousness ; These are the Knots by which the Life, that of it self is long, appears short. M. Newer or ve-

ry seldom is a Wit capable of more than one Science, and therefore the University hath ordained that we should make Trial of the Capacity of every one, by Questions of all Sciences, and then teach him that wherein he shall answer with most Felicity. F. This is a Madness, and not worthy so much Fringe and Cap : For if I should hit well upon a Science, what need would there be that you should teach it me ? Teach me that which I shall understand least.

M. Although you should have a Wit inclinable to one Faculty, and so inclinable, that without having studied it (guided only by your natural Ingenuity) you were able to answer to any Question, yet is it of great Consideration to study it in this University, and to crown yourself with its Lawrel ; and in like manner, is it of great Consideration for you, that although you should know more Philosophy than Aristotle, by having learn'd it in Books and Solitudes ; for it will not seem that you know a Word, unless you take your Degree of Master or Doctor. F. I have little Faith in Fringes, since I have seen Carriers Mules with infinite of them ; or in Caps, because I have seen many Madmen wear Caps : But in Regard we must follow the Humour of the World, there's nothing but Patience. I am contented to be examined : Let's hear your Questions.

M. Will you learn the Laws ? F. I would gladly be a Lawyer, if there was nothing to be learn'd. M. I understand you not. F. The Law is nothing else but Reason, which guides us to follow what is just ; and this lives in Minds not only learned, but also rustick, for they guide themselves likewise with Reason, unless some Passion or Affection hinder them ; but the Inconveniency which I find in this Faculty is, that there is too much written in it, and too much to be learn'd ; for, from hence ariseth the Obscurity, and Clouds of Reason and Justice. When I see a poor Plowman go to advise with a Lawyer, and that by the Way relating the Case, without understanding what he does, makes known to him his Justice and the Reasons which give him Breath ; I perceive that the Office of such a Lawyer is nothing more than to authorize the Reason of the other,

other, with his worshipful Title of *Licenciate*, or *Doctor such a one*. Then who can endure to see, that the Professors of this Faculty should be so little esteemed, that if they say 'tis now Night, they are not credited unless they alledge twenty Texts, and *Bartolus* and *Baldus*, with a thousand other Writers. M. *The Office of a Judge whether they also go, by this Faculty, runs not those Hazards.* F. Why not? I see every Day that what one Sentences another contradicts: Why is this? 'Tis either Passion or Ignorance. I care not then for an Employment at such Extreame.

M. *Would you be a Physician?* F. I am no such great Friend of feeling the Wenches Pulses, and handling them; yet I could be one with a good Will, was it not for casting their Waters and asking how many Stools they have had, which agrees not at all with my Stomach.

M. *According to this, you would only be a natural Philosopher.* F. There is no Science that fits my Nature like this, but to learn it I would not come to † *Salamanca*, neither would I go to *Alcala*: Because I see that all the ancient Philosophers go contradicting one the other, as they succeed in their several Ages; and that at this Day, you reprove *Aristotle*, and perchance you have Reason for it: Neither can I abide that you should found all natural Causes in Heat and Moisture; and that although you find no Creep-hole for many Difficulties, you stand beating your Brains all your Life Time, with sophistical Arguments, only because such a Philosopher said it, who should he live now, and hear your clamorous Disputes, without Doubt would tell you, that he said it not for so much adoe: This in my Opinion is a Science which is altogether written in the Contemplation, and there is no Library like a fresh and pleasant Field in an *April Morning*.

M. *Methinks the good Man is given to Poesy and good Learning.* F. As for Poetry it is long since I have known it. M. *The Art of Poetry do you know?* I have seen but few in the World that have known it. F. The

† The two principal Universities of Spain.

Precepts of Poetry are like the Preceptrs of the Law of God, which all know but few keep ; and so it is not to be doubted, but that the Art may be known, but not easily practised.

M. *According to this you would pass your Life Time in reading Philosophers, Historians, and Rhetoricians?*

F. All these seem to me wearisome People : For the ancient Philosophers were no other than certain idle Fellows, who went up and down from Feast to Feast, and from Tavern to Tavern, with which they lived merrily, and engendered good Blood, and sometimes at unawares let fall some witty Sentence, as they, that are merry with Wine, utter by Dozens ; now having a great and venerable Opinion, the sottish Vulgar observed those sayings as Oracles ; some Years after sprang up an elegant Man, who finding those Sayings canonized by the estimation of the People, polisheth them and writeth them for Posterity, with the Name of the lazy Coxcomb that said them ; and as those who came after found them trimmed up, and recommended with the Veneration of Antiquity, they gave them Credit, in such Sort that any Truth of these, although it seem but like one of those which we call of *Perogrullo* the Buffoon, hath as much Authority, amongst the Learned, as if it were the Law of a sacred Council.

I am a Man, who the Day wherein I either get Money or good Hopes from the Wench I court, or hear good News, speak more Conceits than all those ancient Philosophers, in more than a thousand Feastings or Entertainments, if it was not, that this of my not having an Opinion, and all the World's being so full of wise Men, (each of which would be the praised one, without leaving a Branch of Laurel for another) holds me disesteemed, and particularly the Tatters of this Gown ; for I was born in an Age, wherein good Cloathing is a Sign of a good Wit, as if there were not bad Horses well harnessed. † The other Day I met a Phy-

† The Spanish Physicians, when they go to see their Patients, do always ride on Mules.

fician, a Friend of mine, and asked him when he began to clear the World of sick Folks ? He told me that he expected Money to buy him a Mule, as if the Mule had been to feel the Pulse, or cast the Water.

Then the Historians maul and slash me to Death: there are no such unquiet People in the World; these are all for Wars and more than Wars, like the Madman's Dreams, and if at any Time they relate Matters of Peace, they pass as quickly over them as a Cat over Fire-Coals: A thousand Musketeers shall not draw them from the Wars. I account them People of an ill Palate, and therefore affect them not; for their pleasing themselves so much in painting out an Army of cowardly white-liver'd Fellows: and praising for Greatness of Courage the Rashness of some *Barbarian*: Is not this the Index of a demoniaick Nature? I cannot find a peaceable Historian, an Historian of State; one that I might converse withal, as with a prudent Man, and not these Furies, that a Man supposing he talks with a Person of Judgment, and when he least thinks on it, he sees him armed *Cap-a-pe*. Historian of *Lucifer*? are there not Transactions in Peace that deserve everlasting Memory? Does there not Marvels of excellent Virtues happen? Why dost thou not relate them? A thousand Times have I fancied, that they on Purpose, do describe Thunderings and Ratlings of a Battle, only that they may bring in with it their pompous and corpulent Oration.

Rhetorick I call not an Art but a meer Trifle; for to persuade in Speaking, what needs any greater Art than for a Man to know what he says, and have a good Will to say it. When I see a Merchant selling his Merchandize, who without knowing *Rhetorick*, persuades that a long napped Cloth is a soft Velvet, and that Stockings of Cammel's Hair are of *Toledo* Silk, I curse *Rhetorick* to the Devil, and him that says it is needful in the World.

M. Now of Force we must understand one another; you, it seems, come to learn the Mathematical Arts or Sciences? F. God preserve my Judgment, since that

Science that puts its self into Conversation with the Stars, certainly favours of Madneſs; for the Stars are far diſtant from us: And yet ſuppoſe we ſhould calculate a Nativity by them, and follow the Tracks of it, it muſt needs be a ſad Thing to pry into Fortune, and thrice to feel Evils, and to defraud the Joy of good Events: Evils are three Times felt; before they come, with Fear; when they come, with Grief; and afterwards, with the Memory. The Joy of good Events may be defrauded, becauſe now when they come, the Hope is ſlackned, and their Value did diminifh by little and little, from the Time that they began to be hoped for.

The other Arts, as *Muſick, Geometry, Arithmetick,* and *Cosmography*, are not for my cholerick Humour; for in not apprehending them by Halves, I tire out the Patience of him that teaches me.

M. Theſe Gentlemen have thought good to give you a Term of Time, wherein you ſhould deliberate better of the Science, which ſhall beſt ſuit with your Genius: And in the mean while, that this your Fooliſhneſs continues, we condemn you to ſerve, which is the proper Occupation of Fools.

Don Felix did greatly admire and applaud the Fool's Examination; at which the Doctor, being well pleaſed, proſecuted his Theme. All theſe wiſe Sayings they held for Follies, meerly becauſe I answered not as they ſuppoſed I would have done: So that Folly amongſt Men is no other Thing than a Contradiſtion of Opinions; and him alone we account a Fool who is not of the ſame Opinion as we are. Hence it is that in your Judgment there is no wiſe Man; open your Breſt and behold it well, for I know what I am ſaying, I know that you eſteem your own Crotchets for high Conceits, and that all thoſe who condemn them, in your Opinion, are very Fools; and you are the only one who perceive not that, you are no Angel, having ſo many Things of a Man, and I may ſay of a Brute too, and that it is moſt certain, that you know not any Thing for certain.

As I saw that Assembly of so grave Doctors make a Laugh at what deserved Applause, I began from that Day forward to despise every Man that was called Doctor, thinking that all were as foolish as those Doctors. I imagined that Discretion and good Wit was not in Fringes, because I saw also that the Water-bearers Asses were adorned with them : Nay, so much did I abhor the Word Doctor, that being fallen sick of certain violent Rheums, which distilling from my Head to my Stomach, were so offensive to my Throat, that I was persuaded it would strangle me ; yet would I not do what the Doctor ordered me, which was to be forthwith let Blood. 'Tis sufficient, said I, that the Doctors take away my Reputation without taking away my Life. Two Days after I was well, and this came by my Folly of not caring for the Doctors ; for had I obey'd mine, I had destroyed my self, if it be certain in Physick, that there is nothing worse or more dangerous in cold Distempers than Bleeding.

I went not to hear those Readings which that College of Fools had enjoyned me, thinking that those very same were the Masters, which taught the Faculty of *Cannons* ; and what credited my Suspicion was, to see that without Art or Method, they taught a Faculty which had so much need of it. I despised them then, and this Folly procured me much Ease and Profit : For the Time which I should have spent at these Readings, wherein only was treated, of writing the Dreams or Thefts of such or such a Master, I employed in one Book or an other of the Faculty in my own Lodging, where with better Stile, more Clearness and greater Elegancy, I learn'd in one Hour, more than I should have done in a Year at the Readings of the Doctors.

Who would think that Folly would assist towards the making Men learned ? Yet you see here what made me a Scholar ; for I put by, with this, a thousand Troubles of Pretenders who tired Men a whole Day with Cringes and Intreaties to hear them one Hour ; I avoided the Disquiets of the Schools ; they wearied not me to ask me my Vote : for when I promised it but

by Halves, they not holding me ingenious enough to lye, easily gave me Credit: The loud Applause of the Victors, or their Rolls I was never charged with, it seemed to them that I was not fit for these; so that enjoying great Quietness, I held them all for my Friends.

My Master that saw me so little affected to the Schools, gave me an Employment which not only did not oblige me to see them, but even removed me many Leagues from them. He had conquered by Force of his Money, a Girl, all Sweetness; and being Jealous as he had Reason, in Regard he was but very hard favoured, and cold in extremity, he placed me for her Guard, supposing that he who had shewn so flat and dull a Wit, would not have prickles to disturb those Flowers; and that which speak in my behalf was the Severity of my Countenance, the Gravity of my Walking, and the Slowness of my Speech.

He kept her in a House accompanied by an old Matron, and a young Servant Maid, and minding to secure her, put me to guard her. There he dined, supped, and slept; and with knowing that I was become an *Argus* over the Girl, the Gallant (my Master) neglected her, as if he had had her in his Pocket. This seemed to me an enchanted Palace; for without Care of any Thing, at Dinner and Supper Times, we found the Tables furnished with Variety of Dainties, by the Care of my Master, who thought on no other Thing.

Now do I blame such Women as shew a Liking to this Sort of Gallants; these Fools, who having no Variety in their Imagination, divert not themselves with any more excellent Care, they think not on any other Thing, for wanting Discourse to find out Faults, they fall in love more settledly, and esteem with greater Respect: But an understanding Man, as having his Soul free, flies from this Thought to another, and hath his several Ways of Divertisement, for he hath Variety, and is not teen to subject himself to low Amours; Moreover at one Time or an other he spies out Faults; and as he himself is esteemed, because he de-
serves

erves it, he comes to despise with more Liberty whatsoever Fault he notes ; since compared to his Merits it seems great to him : Now the Reason why we commonly see such Coxcombs better beloved than these, is, that they love in earnest, they solícite in earnest, and adore in earnest. But that you may not envy their Fortune, hear what was my Master's.

He had been bred up in State with his Lady Mother, quarrelling with the Maids about his Breakfast, and other Fopperies, more of a young Gentlewoman than a Student : From whence he had learn'd such an absurd fantastical Behaviour, that utterly spoiled all his Sport : He spoke to this pretty Girl as if it had been to one of his Aunts, and used certain Compliments, which seemed to have passed the craggy Mountains of *Somosierra* ; yet not for want of Love, for of that he had enough, but by a natural Constraint and Dulness.

With this the Breast of the Lady was become cold as Ice, and no Marvel indeed, since they are as the Moon is with the Sun ; for as she receives her Light from that golden Gallant, so Ladies shew the Lustre of their good Likings, by those which they receive from their Lovers. To think that they will love thee, be thou never so rich, if thou art cold, is a Simplicity ; Being rich, thou mayest make the Lady rich, but not loving to thee ; thou oughtest to have that which must be pleasing to her, if thou wouldst that she should be so to thee : If thou art cold, thou art better for a Surplice than for a Courtier of Ladies ; Go get thee into a Cell and turn Fryer ; none gives more than he hath ; thou wilt only give her Rheumes or Cathars ; thou knowest already that they are Diseases of the Breast, where the Heart is. This Ill hath good Fortune, that in giving much Confidence it takes away many Favours ; for these Noblemen think, that only by being so, they abound in all Things, yet they are afterwards found to have been mistaken, and come to serve but as Stewards to those who are better liked. So it happened to my Master ; for notwithstanding all his care and study to court this Maid, and to treat her, I was the happy Possessor of her Heart ; for the
Familiarity

Familiarity and large Converse which had passed between us, had given her to understand that I deserved better than my Master, by being less Fool, and more fortunate; so that my Master served me, and better than I could serve him.

What Reason now have I to complain of ill Fortune, if being an impudent Traitor, with a Fool's Reputation, I enjoy sixteen Thousand Ducats a Year, which I spend by another's Hand, in my own Delights? These, and other Adventures of no less Importance, happened to me in *Salamanca*; but I relate them not all, for not being so much to the purpose, intending only to tell you the End of my Courses, which was as Foolish as the Beginning.

The Poets say, that when *Jupiter* beautified the World with such variety of Enamels, and illustrated Man with so liberal a stock of Goods, he was very jealous to see that he made no acknowledgment of this Bounty, for he imployed all his Love on those Goods which he enjoyed; insomuch that he remembered not himself of the Author of them. Anger then suggested to the God a Remedy for this, and being warned from thenceforward by the ingratitude, he blended those Goods with a certain mixture of Evils, which should take from their Estimation, supposing that with this, Men would not love them so much, nor forget their Creator, but rather as they had need of him, even to enjoy these very Goods, they should invoke him at every instant, and render him the Religion, Reverence and Memory, which so great a Power meriteth.

He tempered the good of Dignities, with the Watchings and Cares of administering them: The felicity of Wit, with the Persecutions of Envy: Merits with Poverty: Riches with Avarice; and so all the Goods which adorn Men: He came to Love, and found that it was the greatest Good which they had, since even he himself, although the Father of Goods, always seemed to confess himself poor in this, by showing so great a Covetousness for it: He thought it necessary to mix
much

much Bitterness, to allay so much sweetness : for he certainly knew that they would not remember him, who saw themselves blest with a Good, whereof he himself blazoned so much, which is, of being beloved ; and it was to be feared, lest they should call themselves Gods, and rebel against Heaven, seeing themselves glorious with the greatest Ensignes of Happiness : He then mustered up in his Memory all the Evils, and that which shewed it self most severe, and cruel, was the same which had then tyranized in his Breast.

If I, said *Jupiter* being a Deity, to whom such a Multitude of shining Ministers stand seasoning Joys and Tranquillities ; if I, who am encompassed with a Heaven of Diamonds, which Evils cannot penetrate, be they never so sharp, see my self conquered, and all my Glory taken away, by the Jealousies which I have of Man ; what is there to be doubted, but that this is the greatest of Evils, and will be sufficient to temper the greatest of Goods ? He then mixed Love with Jealousies, wherewith this Good was made bitter.

I happened to prove the bitterness of my Love, when most flattered with its Felicity, finding my self jealous, which is the same as sick to Death ; for the foolish Girl was visited (and in appearance to her great content) by a certain Gentleman of the City, bravely accoutred with a Ruff, a Gold Chain, and a Plush Cloak, which was then all the Mode : Now, though I did not doubt of my Merits, yet I feared the Maids inconstancy, who as a Child had her Eyes running after those Baubles, and my pleasing Conversation had already glutted her Stomach, I then perceived that many good Parts were ill beloved, by the ill Election of Women, who, for the most Part, are not very prudent. I envied the Secular Ruff, thinking that every set hole in it was a Discharge of Artillery against that Fortrefs, and curst the restraint of the Students Habit, laying on it the Blame of my Sights ; I threatned her many times with my Master, but she having bought my Liberty with hers, laughed at my Threats, concluding that I would keep secret her Boldness, not to endanger her publishing of mine ; thus

I (perceiving my self jealous) held it for an ill Augury, thinking that I stood on the Threshold of Discretion, when I remembred what was said by *Lope de Vega Carpio*, Oracle of the *Spanish* Muses, and flourishing Ornament of its glorious Monarchy :

*The Man whose Breast no jealous Passions swell,
And yet pretends his Heart's Love's Sacrifice ;
Or is a Fool, or else he loves not well,
Because Distrust is Mother of the Wise.*

According to this, said I, I should be wise, since I am jealous, surely some great Evil must befall me, being now become wise ; and remembred that I had never intermitted being a Fool, which had not cost me some great trouble. I called to Mind also that the time when in *Madrid*, I enjoyed the Favours of the liberal Damsel, only by being a Fool, I had escaped from this Penance of Love : and was now sorry to be wise, by the Evil which I was afraid hung over me : So that if Folly should have no other Allurement on its side, but the being a Mistress, and free from Jealousies, it is a Quality sufficient to make it be esteemed, and preferred before the highest Discretion.

You may, perchance, wonder to see me sometimes wise, and sometimes foolish ; and then in your Malice will possibly be censuring me, for a Dissembler ; and I wish that it be no worse. Malicious Friend, if thou thinkest that the rest of the wise Men, and Fools of the World are not so, thou art a Fool : For the wisest Man sometimes is careless, makes Intermissions in his Discretion, and holds it for a Gallantry to do, or say some Extravagancy, either for the setting off, or strengthening of his Actions ; when you shall hear say, such a one hath accomplish'd his Design well, I hold him for very discreet. Think not that that Man is discreet, but that he happened discreetly upon it. The same in Miscarriages ; Thou art not to suppose that he is a Fool because he slipt on some Folly, but that he went foolishly to Work. When they would Cannonize some Saint, they are not content

content with one or two Miracles, but with many, and very remarkable ones; why shouldest thou cannonize any Body for discreet, because he happened on something well, at one time or another? Perchance, he being an errand Fool, could do no otherwise; perchance, he knew so little, that in this, he even knew not how to be a Fool, and suffered himself to be carried by his Fortune, without making Pause at his blind Election.

The Auguries accomplished their threatnings, for ill Auguries are like Natives of the Kingdom of *Arragon*, that will sooner forget their God than their Anger. It cost me not a few disquiets, for I saw my self encompassed on all sides: so that would I pass on forward with my Love, I presently found a very shameful reprehension, that said to me, there is no room for thee; another hath come in with a Ruff so great, and a Plush Cloak so large and swell'd, that he can scarce be contained there. If I should have given the Reigns to my Anger, and repaired my Injury with Vengeance, I feared it would be too much to my own Cost, having Reason to be silent, and so must be of Force, or dye; and yet, I must of Force die, if I should be silent. So possessed was I with Anger, and so restrained by Fear, that I would have accounted it for a happy Change to lose the past Delights, that I might have withdrawn my Body from the present Torments.

Love is not for Virtuous Men; very foolish or bad must be he, that must be possessed of it: Although there should be no Law of God that should pluck us by the Sleeve, at the engaging our selves in these Wickednesses, yet the Evils which go chained with them, would be sufficient to detain us: The Unhappiness is, we are unwilling to cast away from us these Pleasures, though I assure you, that if we could but take off the Cloak from them, and find out the unfortunate Ends, which presently threaten us, we would not give them so much Credit as we do: For it was a Divine Providence, to season Sin with Repentance, that when we are most flattered with its Smiles, and Serenities, we should find out the Deceit, and know our Blindness.

In

In fine, I determined to leave her, when I understood she had left me, and with the hazzard, not only of my Head, but of my Opinion. I acquainted my Master with what had passed, the frequency of the Gallant, and his Obstinacy, and told him some of those Jealousies which I had too many of. To which his Opinion was, that this Quarrel must be had with the Maid; for she not giving him Hopes (he concluded for certain) that he would not have had the Boldness, so much as to look upon her. I commended his discreet Contrivance; but seeing that I endangered my Opinion by this way; for she perceiving her self discovered, would, sure enough discover me; I therefore, not to lose the Occasion, replied, that she in no wise gave admittance to his Desires, but that he was such an impudent Fellow, that he took it. With this he rested satisfied, and with Determination to fall severely upon this daring Gallant.

I will see that I had but little Reason in what I said, for I was indeed always of a contrary Opinion; I ever knew, that as many as have Hopes, Desires and Confidence, do found them on some Favour, and that no Desire can be had without Hope. But mark, I beseech you, how important a Thing it is to be a Fool, or to appear so, since it serves even to persuade to false Opinions, and to qualify them for true ones. If *Plato* had said it to my Master, he would have believed that he had deceived him by the Force of his Arguments, and did it for Ostentation of his Wit: But as a Man told it him, who, he thought, he had not the Faculty of not telling Truth, as if this was not the most difficult, he had no Suspicion, neither any Malice at all.

Now my Master was somewhat unskilful and timorous in the Business of Hectoring, therefore had put in readiness all his Servants; so out we go some six Men of us, like so many Lions, guarding his Body: And coming to the Street of the *Unhappy fair one*, we saw the Gallant, waiting with another (both muffled) at the Door of her House: I drew near to know him, and being known, without making any Sign to the rest of the Ambush, I made at him, and at the first Bout I
gave

gave him a handsome cut over the Pate : For I had two advantages over him ; one was the being injured, another the beginning the Fray. The Squadron at that, coming up, we set upon them couragiously on all Sides, and having given them many fore Wounds (for it was an easy Matter to lay about us in such a Confusion) we left them for dead, and retired to our Lodging.

H

CHAP.

C H A P. IV.

He relates the Life which he led being a Judge, and afterwards, a Pretendient in the Court for an Employment.

MY Master having the Opinion of a wise, modest, and sober Man, the very same Persons who had assisted him, murmured at the injustice; and although they knew that I was the *Boreas* of that Tempest, nobody blamed me, it seeming to them, that I for no Folly deserved a Punishment, because I complied but with my Nature in what I did; who would not think that it was good being a Fool, even not to appear one? Yet thus far can this good Fortune extend: I that was the principal Fool was not murmured at, only because I was a Fool, and my Master that was wise, he bore the brunt with his Wisdom. We had a strong Debate, and various Votes, what was best to be done; but mine overcame, which was to leave *Salamanca*; in regard the wounded, or dead, were of the most illustrious of that City, so that with whom might be held a good Correspondence, was the main thing next to be thought on: And this being agreed upon by us, we took Mules the same Night, and in a few Days (for Fear gave us Wings) we arrived at a Village the best that was in all the Estate of the Earl his Brother, who himself at that time resided there. Now, although his absence from the Court was not intended for any long time, yet the spaciousness and pleasantness of the Situation, the flattery and Delights of those green Trees, and the bubbling of the Fountains, so much delighted him, that they made his stay the longer; the same turned also to our liking, which was but meer Necessity.

This

This good Gentleman had all manner of Recreations: as Dogs for Hunting, Books of Entertainment in a great and curious Number, excellent Gardens, also thick and well shaded Groves, and he knew not the Cause of our Retirement, for that being the End of our Course, had taken away all Suspicion.

I was, yes, and am now, and ever shall be, greatly inclined to the Conversation of Women: What a right Course I took here to make my self a Fool? I liked very well the Groves, and the Rivers, but, in my Opinion, there wanted to them the Soul, which is the Concourse of this, and the other good Face, that with their Sight should gild them, as the Sun does. Therefore I presently grew weary of that Wilderness-like Solitude; yet remembering me of the Evils which had befallen me, for desiring these Goods, I fell to Philosophizing, inso-much that in a few Days, I reduced my self to think that the true Felicity was to bind up a Man within himself, this is by adorning himself with Learning, and Virtues; for other things, which, with a fair Appearance, seem to be Felicities, either they are not so, or are not durable: I likewise considered that although the Enjoyment of the Height of them was sweet, yet the Fall was so certain, that the Pleasure of them was twice paid for; once with the Fear of falling, for it dares molest us when we are at the highest Pitch; and then with the Fall; for this Edifice being founded on Pillars of Glass (such are the Follies and Frailties of Women) it must necessarily yield to any Weight.

I took great Delight to lock up my self, in the Room where the Earl kept his Books; there did I pass all Hours of the Day, and many of the Night, laughing at such as invited me to go a Hunting, to play at Billiards, or at Cards; for certainly nothing is Pleasure to us, but that to which our Inclination steers us: I thought it impossible that there should be any one, who could take Delight in going a whole Afternoon, in Spight of the violent scorplings of the Sun, following a Hare, or persecuting a Wolf: And then for Cards, I could not believe that any Man could have patience to think, that

whilst he was expecting a Seven of Hearts to make up his Game, there should come an impudent Knave of Clubs to excuse the Seven, and say that he could not come ; and those tricks of juggling a Card, as if by that, the Figure of it could be changed. All this I held for Folly ; and gave a thousand Thanks to God that had diverted my Inclination from such foolish Entertainments.

I spent my Time with my Books, the most discreet Company in the World, since knowing so much, they never speak a Word, unless they are asked : Sometimes I wearied my self, and then deceived my Weariness with Variety ; and being tired with one, took up another ; for as I studied not for Ostentation, but for Recreation, neither was I troubled for the obtaining of a Thought, nor at the leaving it in the midst of its Career. Finally, I made a Pastime of Labour, and by this Means secured the Duration of it.

But the Time being come, of returning back from our Progress, the Earl hastened us away, now because I was still quarreling with Fortune, that she had not paid me for the Courtship I had made her, in committing the Folly of the Skirmish, she did then quit Scores with me. I had a great Opinion of being Learned, gained by the locking my self up in the Library ; and being confident of this, I came to the Earl, at a Time when I found him alone ; and said, certainly, Sir, Your Honour might well excuse the Care which this Journey gives you ; for your Brother (whom God preserve) has no Need of seeing those Schools to be able to read as Chair-man to the Masters of them : For although, 'tis true, that Modesty and Retiredness, do a little advantage him, he has a most profound Wit, and is really devoted to what he professes ; I assure you, Sir, he hath attained to more in three Years than others in Thirty.

Near this Place is the Monastery of *Irache*, where he may take the Degree of Batchelor, and continue passing his Time in this Solitude, which will be more profitable for him than to go to be diverted, by following his Pleasures : And what he hath learnt here, to forget in *Salamanca*, which in Effect is a populous City, and not so
fit

fit for the Exercise of Wit as this pleasant Retirement. Heliking the Counsel, we commence in *Irache*. Thus we excule two Years Colds of *Salamanca*, in recompence of one Folly.

Two Years spent I in that solitary Life, and in them learnt of Civil Law enough, and of other Learning more than enough; and having gained an Opinion of being studious, and confirmed it with certain Sentences of *Cato*, they began to call me Doctor in the Earl's House, and so frequently used it, that now I was by no other Name known than the *Doctor Cenudo*; and a While after we returning to our Centre, the Court, I took my Place of *Doctor*, as if really I had been so.

At that time His Majesty honoured a Gentleman, a Friend of the Earls, with the Office of * *Corrigidor*, of one of the most illustrious Cities of *Spain*. This same *Corrigidor*, was mad to be Governing, as might be seen a hundred Leagues off; for having a sufficient Estate to maintain him conformable to his Quality, nothing would serve him but to be a *Corrigidor*, and he could have eaten his Finger's Ends, to be shewing his Power over the Petty † *Alcaldes*; but he dreaded the carrying with him learned * *Tenientes*, such as would command all, wherefore he consulted his Fears with the Earl, who in conclusion proposed to him my Person, for one of the two Offices, extolling my Modesty, and my Retiredness, all which suited well with what the *Corrigidor* desired; and there wanted not some, who told me, that amongst others of my Praises, he had acquainted him that I was a Fool; Scarcely had the *Corrigidor* heard this, when saying, that such a one was what he had Need of, and not your meddling *Pedants*; he granted him the Office for me, and further added, that he was a most happy Man, in having found out, for his Purpote, so well qualified a Person,

* An Officer deputed by the King, over most of the Chief Cities in *Spain*, with Power and Authority little differing from a Lord Mayors. These always continue three years, and for the most part are Lawyers.

† Or Judges.

* Or Deputies.

Behold me now, chief *Alcalde* of a populous City, here you see, the Title of a Fool availed me more than the Title of Batchelor or Doctor of Law. Is it then ill being a Fool? I know that more than a Few would be so, on Condition that they might but so well attain to their desired Ends: And I am confident, as one faithfully experienced, that Folly is very important, not only for the obtaining of Dignities, but also for the enjoying them, which presently you will see.

The other Office of *Teniente*, or Deputy, he gave to an able, but formal Coxcomb, much wedded to the Laws, and to his Humour; A Man whose Word it was, you see it is written, and you shall be made to do it. This was not of the *Corrigidors* Election, but the expresse Command of a Noble-Man, to whom he owed the greatest Part of his Wings: We came shortly after to the Place of our Residence, where I soon got the Knack of Precedents, Decrees, and other Trifles, for the ordering my Business, which the Industry of the *Procurators* and *Scrivanos*, or *Solicitors* and *Attornies*, assisted me with; I therefore was fain to mould myself plyable as wax to them, and denied them nothing; so with this, and my not scrupling at their Exorbitancies, all Businesses came to me, that I gained as much as might have served both my self and my Companion, whom they called King Don *Pedro*, because he was so grave, and so zealous for the executing of Justice; but they fled from him as from Virtue.

Now you may scoff at Folly, that knows how to favour its own Servants, and punish others: And you may see if it be good being a Fool, even to the administering Offices, which so much require Discretion and Prudence. True Discretion, my Friend, is to be plyable, and bend with the Times; but think not that I could be the Martyr of *Alguaziles* and *Attornies*, although I had been brought up with Onions and Garlick; no, I am not of so strong a Constitution.

There I knew that the great Destroyer of Virtues was Power. Did I not tell thee how much I came improved out of those Solitudes? What a Philosopher, how reserved,

reserved, and close I was! what a Contemner of all Delights, and Enemy of Pleasure! but now seeing my self powerful, I went out of my self, and what Wonder if I was out of my Centre: No one knows what it is to be an ordinary Judge of a populous City! I stood upon an high Place, my Head grew giddy, I must therefore certainly expect a Fall.

The first Trip which I gave was on Pride; I was sparing of my Hat, wherein my Frown assisted me to my great Advantage: With all the Town I was a Lion, only with my *Alguaziles* a Lamb: I then threw aside my Rod of Justice, the Badge of my Office, for the Follies of *Venus*, I went the Rounds by Nights, not to apprehend Thieves nor Murderers, nor any other Sort of People, but to deliver up my self a Prisoner, to She-robbers and Murderesses: Yet this Kind of Pleasure did presently become naucious to me, I liked not the Easiness of it, but was most pleased to meet with the greatest Difficulties, I adored Impossibilities, there I set to my Shoulder, and there I engaged my self. How many Forts did I overthrow with nothing but my Rod? How many Wills did Fear corrupt? I am ashamed to tell you the vile means wherewith I prostrated noble Designs on the Ground. These Victories (said I) deserve Applause; these, which when they fly and are most difficult, do crown the Conqueror.

I went into any House that I pleased, though it was never so close, with great Ease: For I either pretended that I searched for some Delinquent, or that I would examine the Master of it, for a Witness concerning a Fact, which, indeed, had never been committed. Once I remember that I carried away Prisoner, the Husband of a handsome Woman, which I had a Mind to, feigning certain Suspicions of him, and kept him in Prison as long Time as I listed, that he might not hinder my free Access into his House. All these Extravagancies were brave Exploits, in the Opinion of my under Ministers, they commended them, instead of disapproving them, and admonishing me against them: and I seriously think that they liked them well, because all
of

of them are for the most Part, Fellows of this Humour, and cry up for good, all Actions wherein they see themselves painted.

I was but a little covetuous, and therefore drew on my Side the Common People of the City, as the Taverner, the Inn-keeper, the Taylor, and all that Rabble of People, which being the most vile, and most licentious we have amongst us, they give or take away a good Opinion at Pleasure. The Gentlemen complained not, though they had Reason for it, not to stain their Honour the more, by publishing their Dishonour. With this I walked unbridled, through a thousand Kinds of Insolencies. Oh how important a Thing is the choosing foolish or unlearned Men into Offices! the Damage is no less, than the throwing Poison into a publick Fountain; every one has a Share of Death, all participate of these Evils: These Fetters bind all, though the Fault or Carelessness of the Election be but in one only, and one only I here blame.

But because, methinks, you stay expecting to know how I came off with my Office, should you not know, that those who make it good or evil, are *Attornies* and *Alguaziles*? Since these then for so many Reasons were my Friends, there was none who did not praise me, instead of accusing me. Finally, at the three Years end I went out well from all, and indifferently rich, but my Companion ill and poor; I went away the *Corrigidor's* Friend, but my Companion his Enemy: Is it good, think you, to be a Fool? It may be you will tell me, that I was not so in this, but rather very Discreet; you have some Reason; for it was Discretion not to contradict my *Corrigidor* in any Business, that he should command be it never so unjust; because he, in effect, was my Superior, and I took not upon me that Office but to obey him: To have Friendship with *Alguaziles* and *Attornies*, what wise Man would not do it? To be kind to their Requests, was Liberality, not Folly: but let it be what it will, I was happy by these Means.

In *Madrid* I presented my Person, and the Account of my Residence, and got the Repute of a good and just Judge : Wherefore the *Corrigidor* assisted me with all the Interest he could make, that his Majesty might bestow upon me some other greater Employment, and in the mean Time lodged me in his House, admitted me to his Table, and allowed me his Coach ; with which I led in *Madrid*, the Life of a Prince. Ambition now began to disquiet me, for although I naturally did never much affect the living in a Garret, the seeing my self put into this way had quite spoiled my Humility, I was glutting my self with the Flatteries which Power made me : Me thought I lived not the Day wherein I did not command : Nevertheless the Kindness of the *Corrigidor* was such, and the Entertainments which we had in the Court, so great, that they diverted this Desire from me.

I am persuaded, it would be impossible, that *Pretendents* should have so large Hopes in such ardent Desires, if they lived not in such a bewitching Place, as is *Madrid*, which hath so many Lethargies, wherewith to lull asleep any Desire, or any Ambition.

At the Fame of my Folly, came *Corrigidors* by Dozens, offering me what mine had done ; but I that must needs be a Fool upon Record, fell to pretending, or begging at Court, a Place of Settlement, only that I might not be idle from commanding every Day, as I was then, till they bestowed another Office on me : In which Pretension, all the Power that had favoured my *Corrigidor* assisted me ; it is not proper for me to divulge this, but you are a Friend, and will speak of it to no body. I had an Advantage above all other *Pretendents* who had Merits only in being a Fool ; for they confiding in what they had deserved, used some slight Diligences, to that Effect, thinking that those who were to honour them, had no other Care but to conjecture their Deserts by their Faces. Worthy and deserving Friend, what matters it though thou art so, if all do not know it ? Tell it aloud, and use means to procure thy Ends, or else never pretend ; for I, who had no other Basis
whereon

whereon to found my Pretensions, besides my Solitude, and Favour, observed it with much Industry,

In this Interim I learn'd the greatest Piece of courtly Discretion, which is Flattery and Courtesy. I staid an Hour every Morning before I went out of my Lodging, to meditate new Ways of Flattery, wherewith to reap new Favours. I was the first since *Adam*, till this present, who told great Lords that they resembled Gods in doing Favours without any Hopes of Retrn. Another Time I said to a Nobleman; your Excellency, my Lord, in consideration of who you are, hath a precise Obligation to favour me, for your Excellency being such a Friend of doing Courtesies and favouring all, I have served you in requesting it of you; and have given you Matter whereon to employ the Generosity of your Mind. To another I once said; the Time is now come, wherein your Lordship may disburthen your Breast, and do Favours for being so big with them, only my short Merits may be capable Vessels of your Liberality: If I deserved it, my Lord, it would not be an Excess, but in this I serve your Lordship, since meriting it so little, the Benefit lies shrowded, the more under the Shadow of my poor Wants. In such manner I speak these Flatteries, as made them believe, they were really the Princes, who most favoured their Servants.

In Bribes and Presents I acquired the Name of Fool, amongst some who were so themselves; because I seldom presented Things to be eaten: They told me if I did not, I should never have good Success: For Presents of this Nature cost but little, and were ever acceptable: But I was always of a different Opinion, that they should never give Things which would not be present in view a long Time, and represent the Memory of the Donor; for which Reason they are called Presents: Things edible are not of this Quality, for either they will be spoiled, or must be spent presently.

Only I remember that upon an Occasion I once forgot this Precept, for staying in an outward Room, waiting to see a certain Lady, towards whose North all my Pretensions (with a full Gale in Poop) were steered,

ed, there came out a *Duena* to entertain me, and another Gentleman that was an Assistant to me in these Encounters. The *Duena* began the Conversation, asking him what he had eaten at Dinner, what Cook he kept, and other Questions of this Nature: The Gentleman, who by the Story, certainly must needs be wonderful discreet, began to invent a thousand excellent Dishes, never imagined before, and that he had a Cook which made most incomparable Pasties, of the Sinnews of a Leg of Veal, of the Breasts of Capons, of Partridges, Pidgeons, and Turtles, that there was nothing like them in the Word. He had scarce made his boast of his Cook, when the *Duena*, whose Chops watered after these Pasties, desired of him one for a Taste: The Wifeacre promised it her, and was very joyful that she had believed him; and that she might think him a Man of an excellent Pallate, at the Expence of much Care and Money, sought out a Cook that should make good his Lie.

I that was a Fool, being affrighted at the Fall of my Comrade when the *Duena* came to ask me the same, told her, that I kept a Cook-maid which knew how to make Saffages marvelously, and a Sallad that might be given to one that was dead; which was Truth, for a living Body could not suffer the Smell of them, I thought I had turned her Stomach with this; but as I am always so unfortunate with *Duenas*, she longed for some of those Saffages, and Sallad; I promised her them, and complied honestly with my Word, but fearing that if the Saffages should go very cleanly, she would send for more, I sent a Servant to buy some great dirty ones, of those which Women sell at the Corners of Streets to Porters, and other poor People; he carried them, and I knew not whether or no, it might be the *Duena's* Greediness, or my Commendations of them for so rare, or else my Misfortune. But every Saturday I received a Message from the *Duena*, wherein she sent for more Saffages. I was very sensible of that Tribute, and me thought I lost in this my Gentility; and as Liberty obliges Men to great Undertakings, I had a Servant go
one

one Saturday, and bring a whole Sheep's Paunch, stuffed naturally, without emptying the Guts: He did so, and it seeming to me they came somewhat hollow; I commanded that they should fill them up what wanted, with Onions, and many other sweet and cleanly Bits: So I sent them her well seasoned, and I know not what was in the Fault, the Cleanness or my Misfortune: But the Saturday following, she sent me another Message to send her more, and gave me Thanks for those past. I had no other Remedy then, but to say the Cook-maid was dead the Night before. See what Creatures these *Duenas* are! Half an hour after, she sent another Message to me, to desire me to tell her where I thought to bury her, because she would say certain Masses for her, and send her Lady's Servants, that they might go to honour her Corps that knew how to make such excellent Saffages; and that if, perchance, she had left the Receipt how these Saffages were to be made, that I would do her the Favour to give her it. I was fain to make a Receipt for Saffages, the first that came to Hand, and send her, telling her that the Cook-maid was already buried, and that she needed not take any Care for the saying Masses for her. This very Day do I stand in Fear lest she should send to me, to know if the Cook of the Saffages be not yet risen again.

My ingenious Presents had better Luck; for sometimes they cost me less than if they had been some rare Things to be eaten (which in effect are but slight and soon gone) and yet, for the most part were, as if I should have set by their Sides a Page, that should still be putting them in mind of my Business.

One Time to a Minister of State that was short sighted, I presented a Case and a pair of Spectacles, telling him that they came from *Italy*, that a Brother of mine had sent me them, for the most precious Jewel in all those Parts, that they marvelously preserved the Sight, and were the very Spectacle which the King *Don Ferdinand* had used during his Conquest of that Nation, and I procured the Case to be old-fashioned, curious and
rich

rich, by which I qualified the Spectacles with great Advantage.

Believe me, you do nothing, you who are confident in the Greatness of the Gift which you offer, if you neglect its Ornament, and setting off. For there are those, who looking on a Horse without his Furniture, that should he be more swift than those of the Sun, and more mettlesome than *Bucephalus*, would account him but for a Jade that works in a Mill; and if they should see well harnessed but Don *Quixote's* Steed, would esteem him like *Belerophon's Pegasus*. To me it hath happened, that I have made greater Ostentation with a Dish of *Italian Sallad*, which, it may be, put me to the Expence of about * 15 *Quartos*, than if I had sent them a Camel loaded with Pheasants. There is nothing to Women like Flowers, Patches, Ribbons and Paint; if you think otherwise, ask the most confident Ladies of our Age, and they will tell you, that were it not for Artifice, there would not be any Body that would look them in the Face.

This Minister of Ignorance put on my Spectacles, and persuaded himself that he was a very *Linx* with them, and was as thankful for the Present, as if I had given him new Sight, telling me that in Respect to my Business, † he would carry me always before his Eyes, only with wearing my Spectacles before them. This then may properly be called a Present, that never stirs a Jot from before the Eyes of the great Man to whom it is sent.

Another Lord, on whom depended all my Hopes, had a good Opinion of his own Handsomeness, but was somewhat long visaged; insomuch that his Cheek Bones stood out too visibly, to the Prejudice of his Beauty, as though they had intended him an ill Office: I having Notice of a certain Merchant, who had false Looking-glasses, that would shew a thousand several

* About six Pence *English*.

† Those Spaniards who are short sighted, do wear their Spectacles tied-on, all Day long, wheresoever they go.

Sorts of Faces; from amongst these I chose one that made round plump Faces, and had an excellent Frame of Ebony inlaid with Ivory, which I presented him with, for the most faithful that had ever been seen; protesting that it was the same Looking-glass by which the *Gava* used to sit dressing her self every Morning two Hours, before she went to enamour the King Don *Roderigo*; which had lately been found in the enchanted † Cave at *Toledo*, by the Industry of a great Magician, that it was a Pledge worthy the placing in a Palace, like that of his Excellency's, if he pleased, for the Veneration which was due to Antiquity: He accepted it with a smiling Countenance, and looking in it, found himself fat, and almost round, and as though I had mended his Face, gave me Thanks for it, telling me it was a Gift that was more acceptable to him than any other Thing, which might be believed, because it flattered him in that he needed.

Trust to Looking-glasses, and buy them for your Friends; wherein you will do well, since Friends there are, which flatter like Looking-glasses, and make you believe you are round faced and perfect, being lean and foolish in your Affections.

Afterwards I knew, that four Times in a Day he consulted his Handsomeness in it, and it so much deceived him, as he said, that that alone was a true Looking-glass, and only in the Time of King Don *Rodrigo*, they knew how to make Looking-glasses, but in this Age all Arts were so adulterated, that they had not the Skill to make a true Glass in all *Spain*; so certain it is that nothing appears true to us, but what suits with our Liking. You will say I was a Fool for presenting a Looking glass to a Lord, and that an Horse would have been a more proper present. You know not what you say, for an Horse would not be a Present,

† The true Name of this Lady was *Florinda*, she was the Daughter of the Earl Don *Julian*, who to revenge himself on the King for deflowering this his Daughter, betrayed *Spain* to the *Moors*, by whom she was called *Gava*, which in *Arabick* signifies a Where.

in regard it would not be always present, nor put him in mind of my Desire, because he, for the most part, went in a Coach, or in a Chair, but the Glass was present four Times a Day : Thus very conveniently I set my *Cava* for an Intercessor, that he might favour me. If these Flatteries pass with you for Follies, you your self are but a Fool. What will you say to a Present that I made of a Clock with an Allarm, which rattled the whole Parish ; seems this an ill Remembrancer of my Business at all Hours ?

Yet in no Present (methinks) I hit so luckily, as in one that I made to a great Statesman, who was sufficiently proud, although he had his rise from base Parentage : Fortune, you must understand, had raised him to that Preferment, because she otherwise would never shine with such Lustre as she does, nor would her Power but lie in Concealment, if she should not exercise it on such as are nothing, or but very little. He had his clear Ascendency from a Cellar of Water, for so was his Grand-father, but he forgetting that thole Waters reproached him, as the Poets say, never shew'd a good Face to any Body ; the Truth is, he had a very ill one, for he had still imprinted on it, the Curses which his Grandfire gave to his Asfs that carried his Water-pots. Coming by Chance into a Broker's Shop, where was a Parrot to be sold, I began to bargain for it, and questioning its Ability, they told me it was a young one, and but newly began to speak, and knew not how to say more than *Water-man, Water-man* ; it seemed to me that I had found an Ashwednesday for the Pride of this Statesman : I made a Cage for it, which might well have served a *Duena* for Bigness. Already I have told you how impatient I was to live in Pomp and State ; for this Reason, I say, I presented it to my Statesman, for the most rare qualified and most witty Parrot of the World, the Cage also spoke a thousand Marvels in its favour : He was very thankful, and my good Parrot shewed in a few Days its pregnant Understanding, giving Lectures and undeceiving to this *Lucifer* in a Gown.

At all Times when he came into his House, he found it with a *Memento homo* in his Mouth, it always received him with *Water man, Water-man*, and repeated this with great Quickness; now as it never said any other Thing, he considered on it, and was possessed with an Opinion that some Angel had spoken to him by the Mouth of a Parrot; he then began to tremble, changed the Scene, and dispelled his Frowns. Finally, the Man was converted by the Lectures of the Parrot, that he already gave Audiences with greater Facility; he also spoke with less Scorn, and particularly to me, to whom he would commonly say, he had an especial Obligation, but would not let me know wherefore. He came not at any Time into the House without vailing his Behaviour to the Parrot, saying, all that Courtesy was due to a Master. A few Days after it changed its Note, by Means of another Parrot which was at a Neighbour's House, of whom it learned to say, *Alas poor Parrot!* and *Who comes there, Who comes there?* Nevertheless the Master lost not his Credulity, that it was some Spirit clothed in Green, and attributed that Change of Conversation to his Amendment from his Pride. So that the Parrot, by no Means, spoke any Thing which he accounted not for a Mystery.

I plainly see that this Folly might have returned upon my own Head, it being so rash; therefore do you never trust in Follies, unless you are venturous; but it may be you will say, it is sufficient to be a Fool, to make a Man venturous. In effect I was so fortunate, that I flattered with Injuries, and gained Favours with Affrontings. But yet methought I was out of my Center whilst I was not in Love. The suing for an Office, and the courting a Lady, are so much alike, as that it was very easy for me to pass from one to the other; with Flatteries we sue for Offices, we Court Ladies with Flatteries, these with Gifts we facilitate, with Presents those; for Offices nothing is less important, than the deserving them, because Fortune who disposes of them is blind: There is nothing of less Importance with Ladies than the deserving them; because 'tis either good

or ill Fortune that with them gives a winning or a losing Cast.

I fell very desperately in Love with a Maiden, the Daughter of noble Parents, and yet more rich than noble: I know not whether or no you have observed, that all my Loves were with Maids: This was one of the greatest of my Follies; she was all the Delight and Care of her Parents; they had no other Child on whom to divert their Loves, all was on their fair Daughter; she had been bread up under the Tutorage of her Mother, with Marmalade, and Carraway Confects, in such Sort, that they had wrought her little Heart altogether of Coyness. At the Fame of her great Dowry, she had been offered many Matches of different Ranks, as of Lawyers, Knights of the Habit, and Gentlemen of good Estates: But had baffled them all, one after another, with her Quirques and Subtilties.

An *Alcalde* of *Sevill*, one that was a great Gallant, and an understanding Man, she discarded, only to tell him, she would never see herself in the Power of Justice.

Another Gentleman of Good Parts she sent packing, because always when he visited her (which was very frequently) he asked her how she did; telling him, he was too curious for an Husband, and that she was not for such inquisitive Men.

Another, who being in a Play-house, she observed to take out a Pair of Spectacles and look thro' them towards the Apartment of the Women; she asked (as jealous) what he looked at? He answered (to blind her jealousies) Madam, I look not at their Perfections, but at the Defects which are in these Ladies. Then, Sir, (said she, with a disdainful Look) I care not for an Husband, so great a Friend of spying others Faults, that to search them out, will discover his own; I had never known that you had been short sighted, if you had not been so earnest to pry into these Ladies wants of Beauty.

Of another, because they told her, he knew how to make Verses, she said, she would never love that Man who esteemed lying and flattery for a Grace.

On this manner was she come to forty Years old, her Father and Mother dead, rather for being tired out with her Whimsies, than for old Age: And now, time began to swear, that if she delayed to admit Sutes, he would force her, that she her self should be fain to sue, and not without hazzard of a Repulse: She admitted Visits of such as were Men of Parts, and was proud to be accounted discreet; and that they might esteem her for a *Sybil* in the Town, she gave it out, that the most learned Men came to consult her in various Conceits daily.

I then made my Addresses to her with the Title of a wise Philosopher, and to set off my self to the greatest Advantage, rehearsed to her, three or four Sonnets in praise of black Eyes, and half a Dozen Stanza's, on white Hands, which I had composed in my younger Days, so that with this, and speaking ever and anon very gravely, and as it were suffering my self to be intreated to it, I passed for a *Cato*: But I was sorry to find her so wise, for although I was ever a Friend of discreet Women, yet I would not have them to be more wise than my self, either because equality is always most beloved, or else because he goes in danger of being cheated, who deals with one more knowing than himself. Being fearful then of displeasing her, I did not yet make her sharer of my love, neither indeed was she ever, although I did not (I confess) altogether dislike her, until one Evening finding her alone, when the doubtful Light of the Day gives most place to boldness and best entertains Shame: After we had discoursed of many things, drawing my Chair nearer towards her Cushion, whereon she sat on the Ground, I thus address'd my self to her:

Madam, the Difference between the Wise and the Foolish, is only this, in my Opinion; that Wise Men do and say, for the most Part, that which Reason and Ingenuity teaches them; but the Foolish, as they are void

void of one, and the other, follow their own Crotchets, or what they see others do: If you were not so discreet I would forbear to tell you a Thought, which 'tis long since I have been desirous of acquainting you with, for I should fear that you would fall into the Opinion of the Vulgar, and call that Injury, which really is Veneration; I have loved you tenderly, since the first time that I saw and spoke to you, but I love you with honourable and virtuous Intentions; you are prudent, and will not suffer your self to be guided by the Vulgar, for I know they would call it rudeness for a Lover quickly to declare himself. You are governed by Reason, and shall see what speaks in my Favour; that for a Woman to be beloved is a most Glorious thing, 'tis the Fruit, 'tis the End and Intent of their Perfection, and for him that loves her to declare it to her; provided the loving her be not a discourtesie, 'tis the greatest Compliment he can show, because it is a sign of the more passionate Love; for that House is not much on Fire which sends not forth out of its Towers, and Chymnies, such Flames as shall discover it; and small Winds lie couch'd in the Bowels of the Earth, if they break not an outlet for their roarings; but a great Earthquake is the sign of a raging Battle of the unquietness of the Winds.

I love you, Madam, by my own Choice; another would say 'twas by the Violence of his Destiny; I do not, because I will not have Fortune carry away the Praise due to your Beauty, and my Affection. The Name of this Passion seems Arrogant, I call'd it Love, 'twill appear more chaste to call it Will; yet this is too cold to express so great a Flame: Love is in Rigour, but yet it is Noble, and prudent; not covetous, nor blind, expects no Correspondence, asks no Reward, because it has it already; for what Reward like the adoring her that deserves it, for her so excellent Qualifications? This Love hath made me become Wise, what greater Recompense? You perhaps will say, that being known, it seems no more to be Love; you are in the right; yet for this, it does not cease to be Love: To clear these Doubts, let's call it Estimation, and that will sute best with it; Estimation is more than Ordinary, which passes to Veneration,

ration, in a certain Manner, with this it escapes out of Dangers, and deserves Gratitude if not Correspondence, Gratitude is not due to him that pays Debts; my Heart I owed to this Beauty, to this Discretion, I confess it; But in an Age where Gratitude is so little in use, 'tis well there is any who remembers to pay his Debts, with so much Fidelity. I give Suspensions of being interested by mentioning Services, but they are false Suspensions, I instance them not to facilitate a Reward, but to keep up Estimation; for you being sensible I am such, as that I have known how worthily to adore you, may the more esteem me for this Ingenuity, or at least not accuse your self of Indiscretion for doing me the Favour which you do me, by thinking that I deserve not to receive it, since to allow me for a wise Man, 'tis sufficient for me to understand what you deserve.

She having the Vanity to think that the World did believe her a Doctress, and seeing me a Doctor; likeness made us remain Friends for that time, so she continued quiet, and in Appearance pleased too. After this, I was still in Love, but not so much as before; for Confidence (as they say) is the Poyson of Love.

A Friend of mine went one Day to see her without me, whom I used always to carry with me when I visited her, a Person of a good Wit, pleasant Conversation, and one that was very ingenious in his Conceits; They discoursed of divers Matters, the Conversation was an *Italian Salad*, a great deal of the whole, and a little of every thing; but amongst all there was not the least Word in Remembrance of me, so that I perceived the first Kindness had been no more than a courteous liking, which continued in its Purity whilst I continued in mine; but that seeing me with a second Intention, she had varied hers, and that That slighting me was but a Contrivance fairly to shake me off: This having vexed me, I sent Jealousie a hunting for Conjectures, which after a While brought me on as clear as Truth; I found that the Cause might be her guessing me not equal to her in Riches, for Love is so great a Friend of Equality, that even in Riches it desireth it: But yet for all this, I was
not

not affrighted with any Suspicion, that this rejecting me was for my want of handſomneſs, or of underſtanding; becauſe I knew already by Experience that Love ſtands not upon that, if it be true (as the Philoſophers ſay) that Love is a deſire of Beauty; the Beauties and Perfections, wherein this Deſire may be employed, are as many as the very Deſires and Opinions themſelves; every one then eſteems for Beauty, not one certain form, reduced to certain Perfections, but all ſuch as have a Likeneſs with their own, or agree with their Inclination: The wiſe Man eſteems the Woman beautiful, that ſhall be wiſe; the Fool accounts for very beautiful her, that ſhall be ſilent, and commends as a Virtue, what is but meer Neceſſity; ſome praiſe long Faces, others round ones: Then what curious coloured Eyes? what a delicate ſhaped Mouth? For Hairs the Opinions are more than the Hairs. Finally, Beauty is wholly Opinion, and for every Opinion there is it's Beauty apart, and you ſhall have ſome ſay, that *Venus* and *Hellen* were but like Kitchen Wenches, nay and but very homely ones neither.

It now grieved me for having declared my Mind, ſince my Endeavours were fruſtrated, and that by my Confidence too; but in the End I hit upon a Plot, rather to make Tryal of my Suspicion, than to purchaſe any Love by it; for although I was ſmitten, yet I did not doat on her: I loved her, but was not enamoured of her; do you not underſtand me? Why, I mean, that to Love, and to be ſmitten, are not the ſame, as to be enamoured, and to doat, for that may be either out of Obſtinacy, or elſe for Vengeance; to doat on her, cannot be but meerly for Kindneſs, or with good liking, now I being vexed at her ſlights, abhorred her, and her Labyrinths, with a perfect hatred, and me thought that if then I could but make her my own, I would quit the Field, and leave the Conqueſt, without ſeizing the Spoils; and would ſay, it is ſufficient I have the Glory of being Conqueror.

I therefore feigned my ſelf ſick, and began to complain of my Heart, crying out that I had a thouſand
Vipers,

Vipers in it, and other such Frenzical Speeches, which Pain is accustomed to suggest; and had straightly commanded my Servants not to let any Body come in where I lay. Thus for four Days I was locked up in my Chamber, to put a Colour to my Fraud, that the whole Town already rang of it; at which some of my Friends came to me, with the skilfullest Physicians of the Court; who felt my Pulse, saw my Urine, and with the Relation of my Complaints and effected Mellancholy, swore my Sickness was mortal: This made all believe it, and I almost believed it too, although I felt my self well and sound; for who could otherwise chose but think it so when four Men said it, being the Portraits of time, in their Age and Beards? In such sort did this fear seite on me, that the Day following, in stead of mine, I commanded them to show the Doctors, my Page's Water, the most cheerful lively Boy that was in all the Town; they beheld it, and shrugging their Shoulders, fighting forth Fears out of their Breasts, with their Breath, they said that the Sicknes went tyrannizing over the Heart, and that it daily shewed it self a greater threatner; then I fell into Account, that it was not I who was weak, but they, who understood no more of me then what my Servants told them, of my Complaints, and grievous Sighings.

When I perceived that I was well, I prosecuted my Imposture, screeching that all the whole Street heard me, nay and my wife Mistres too, the Cause of my roarings, who without any Suspicion believed my weakness, yes and almost more than I would have persuaded her; yet for all this, she had not the Courtesie to send me a Message to enquire how I did. See but what the inequality of the Goods of Fortune could do; now when I thought that I had had Sickneses enough to kill me, for the Physicians had given me over, I made my Will; sending to call a faithful Friend, and the Scrivener, who being both come, I left for Heir to near a 100,000 Duckats of free Goods, my Mistres, *Senora Dona Temeraria*, putting in a Clause at the end, of my own Hand-writing (a thing which pleased the Scrivener, although

though he was a Scrivener) *For the tender Love I have born her, and for the Favour which she hath done me,* giving a profound Sigh at the delivering of it to him. Master Doctor (said my Friend to me, infinitely confused) what Goods do you leave to fulfil this Testament? Pray, Sir, answered I, content your self till we think how to dispose of those Goods which remain; I have enough to accomplish what I have bequeathed, in this Inventory they are, that will satisfy its Debts; with this I gave him a large Catalogue of a vast parcel of rich Goods, which were enough for my Testament: This was an Action that more qualified me for a Fool, and even put me with every one into the Opinion that I was a Mad-man.

No sooner was the Scrivener gone out of my Chamber, but he went to ask a Reward for his good Tidings, of my Heirels; relating to her all my Will; and counselling her that she should cause Masses to be said, that God would take me to Heaven, not so much because he should take me to Heaven, as that he might take me away. The Gentlewoman hearing this new Excess of my Love, immediately without the least Moments delay, took her Chair and Servants, and laying aside all Consideration of the honour of her Virginity, was brought sadly weeping to my Lodging; and as if I had really been her Husband, came to my Bed side, began to embrace me, and besprinkle my Face with her Tears, thinking my Sickness was caused by her Disdains, and that her Favours would also recover me.

Oh! Vain Women! Who is so much a Fool as not to treat you as you treat us: I sick? I dye for Love? Are you in your Wits? Are you the discreet Lady? We shall see presently; I suffered her to use her tender Expressions, let her cry and commit her Extravagancies, feigning my self so near Death as not to know her. Now there were met together in this Room a great Company of my Friends, and Acquaintance; and this seeming to me a good Occasion for my Revenge, throwing off the Cloaths from the Bed with great nimbleness, I leapt into the Floor, ready drest, and not a little gallant,

lant, then seated my self in a Chair, putting them into no small Admiration, and said thus:

Gentlemen, all this was no more but a meer Drollery, an amorous Stratagem, I counterfeited Love, and 'twas but Waggary; I was bred up in *Madrid* not in the Forests of *Arcadia*, and have learnt to be aware of Mistchiefs, by other Men's Examples. This Lady, who for a thousand Excellencies deserves Veneration, was the Idol of mine I loved her most cordially, and with no less Respect, and Caution; with a just end, and with a courteous and honourable Intention: Now whilst she supposed I equalled her in Riches, she almost equalled me in Correspondence; but when she understood that I came short, she took from me of her Love such a proportionable Quantity as I wanted of Estate. I resented this, and having always been curious, and delighted to examine the Reasons of Things I had a Mind to know what they were, which had frozen a Correspondence so pure, and so well defended: To that End I feigned a Sickness at my Heart, yet have ever had it sound, for though I might sometime have had wounds in it, yet Disdains were a Balm which comforted and healed them, think not then that there can be any Love without Correspondence, for 'tis impossible. One Love calls another Love, one liking Chains with it another liking; Contempts only produce Contempts; it is natural for every thing to beget its likeness. I was pleased with her, but not in Love; had some little Itchings after her, but not enamoured with her: in my Will I confess, I left her my Heiress, but of Goods which I never was Owner of. No sooner did she perceive me liberal, and rich, but her Love was re-kindled, which had lain hid amongst her Kindnesses. Do not suppose me Fortunate in my Loves, for I never was so: she never pityed me as being the Doctor *Cenudo*; but as being rich, she lamented me. It was not I, but my hundred thousand Duckats that enamoured her. My Revenge might have passed forwarder, and I have married her, she being rich, beautiful, and discreet, but that Revenge would have been soundly to my Cost; no, I am not for a Wife that despises me
for

for the false shadows of Wealth. You gave me the Name of Fool for my excessive Love, but you condemn'd me without hearing me ; now judge what you please of it, since you have heard me.

I had scarce said this, when the whole Company burst out into laughter, for till then, Admiration had kept them silent. The *Fair Ingrate* was so ashamed at this Accident, that without speaking a Word, covering her red Blushes with her black Vail, she in all haste went her Way. The Physicians came presently afterwards to ask if I was not yet expired ; and seeing me well, swore they would burn all their Books : But every one applauded the Action for the most pleasant that they had ever seen, or heard of.

K

CHAP.

C H A P. V.

To Don Felix, the Fool gives Account of his Love with Donna Dorothea, which was the principal Occasion of this Discourse.

WITH this Conversation, the Doctor *Cennuedo* diverted his Sadness, which *Don Felix* listened to with great Attention, being delighted to hear the Ingenuity of his Stories, and Newness of his Jest. And now that the Holy-Days were passed, it seemed an unjust thing that *Donna Dorothea* should be cooped up in that Restraint, which cost her Parents so many Cares and Tears. One Afternoon therefore, finding him in a better than ordinary Humour, and proposing these Inconveniencies to him, he pressed him, that he would tell him the Centre to which his Intentions were directed. But the Doctor, who with a fair Wind was under Sail in his History, with the Breath which *Don Felix* had given him, by his Silence and Applause, sware not to satisfy him in any thing, until he should have heard the Rest of the Story of his Life, which was but little, yet necessary for the bringing forth the Birth of his Conceit, that all his good Haps beset him for being a Fool, and all his Misfortunes for being a wise Man; his Misfortunes ('tis true) were not many, because his wise Actions were but few; but his good Fortunes were many, because his Follies were many.

Don Felix agreed to his Proposal, intreating him to be brief, in regard that the Case held him in Suspence, and Suspence is the Martyrdom of the Understanding; the Doctor promised him, and proceeded thus. ' Fortune now called at my Door with a pleasing Countenance, it seeming to her that in me by my being a Fool,

Fool, she had such a Minister of her Absurdities, that
 she needed take no Care where I was, but might
 sheath up all her Crosses and Troubles, at least in the
 Province where I should be a foolish Judge; since I
 alone was sufficient for the Scourge of a whole Nation.
 This blind Woman called to her Remembrance, how
 well I obeyed her being *Teniente*, or *Deputy*, when I
 badly served the King, and with this, her Confidence
 rested secure; for it seem'd she more sollicitated my Ad-
 vancement, than I my self; but Heaven that hath as
 many Eyes, as Stars to look after the Conservation of
 the World; foreseeing that it would remain idle, if I
 was permitted to be a Judge, and Man of Power: be-
 cause I should not have left a Man alive, on whom it
 might employ from thenceforward its Motion and
 Influence; therefore prevented the Danger, which
 was now threaten'd; and that too, with as much Pru-
 dence and Generosity, as it is accustomed.

It happened then, that being one Day in a Booksel-
 ler's Shop, near *Santa Cruze*, I saw an old Priest
 dragg'd away to Prison, with great Severity, and
 with the *Alguazil* or *Bailiff*, that carried him to the
Vicar's Prison, went an ancient Man, who filled the
 Streets with his Clamours, crying, *It is no Justice, It*
is no Justice, that this should be suffered amongst Chri-
stians. I came running at the Noise, and was scarce
 got to them, when the Priest that was the Prisoner,
 catching fast hold of me, said, *'tis he doubtless, altho'*
he has a Beard, without Question 'tis he; When I
 saw my self embraced, and almost kist by a Man
 whom as might be guessed they were carrying to Pri-
 son for some heinous Offence, I thought that he tax-
 ed me for an Accomplice in it, at which I was ready
 to lose my Wits, and began to cry out, *I am not, (I*
vow,) for I'm a Son of very honest Parents, and
would not have committed what you have done, for
the whole World.

The revengeful old Man, he that made the Noise,
 asked me who was my Father? I much more inflam-
 ed with Anger, told him, my Father was a very good

Christian, and so taught me to be, and was as good a
 Gentleman, as who is best, and never was said of
 him any thing that was not very holy and very credi-
 table : They well know in *Madrid* who the *Licenti-*
ate Don *Diego Hernandez* was, and if I have any
 thing of Goodness remarkable in me, it is the being
 his Son ; I had scarce said this, when the same old
 Man reply'd ; He speaks Truth, 'tis He, doubtless 'tis
 He ; and coming to me embraced me very straightly :
 I that was still in my false Suspicions, and believed
 that they meant to apprehend me, and that that was
 to hold me fast, and not to embrace me ; began to
 exclaim, saying, *I'll take my Oath tis a false Testi-*
mony, for I'm an honest Man ; at which the old Man
 that held me, broke out into a Laughter, saying ; by
 this Out-cry I should have known him amongst a
 Quire of Singing-Men, for such foolish Clamours
 could only come from *Pedro Hernandez*. Why Ne-
 phew (said the Priest) leave off your Noise, and take
 notice that this Gentleman is the Executor of your
 Father, who died Judge of the *Contratacion* of *Sevill*,
 and comes to seek you out, to fulfil his last Will, and
 because I gave him not a good Account of your
 Person, they were carrying me to Goal.

I begg'd Pardon for my Surprisal, and after they had
 embraced me once more, we went to their Lodging
 together, sending away the *Bailiff* ; where being
 come, and all quiet, the good Gentleman related to
 me, how that my Father, through the Desire he had
 of seeing *Spain*, and dying where he was born ; had
 sued for, and obtained a Place in the *Contratacion* of
Sevill ; to which End, having embarked himself, and
 put to Sea, that in his return Homeward, my Mother
 had dy'd, and he fell Sick of so violent a Disease, as
 that in three Days after his Landing at *Sevill*, he also
 ended his Life, leaving me in his Will, the one half
 of his Estate : the other being to be divided betwixt
 his other two Sons, which he had had in the *Indies*.

I shewed the Resentment due for so great a Loss,
 and gave Signs of more than I really had : By which

I per-

I perceived, that when we lament some dead Person, we do not grieve for the Evil that hath befallen him; for if he go to Heaven, he hath had none befallen him at all; and if to Hell, neither doth he deserve to be lamented for, since he hath what he deserves; nor yet if he goes to Purgatory, in regard he hath Hopes of Glory; we do not then bewail him, but our Want of him, and if we want him not, we never bewail him.

I, now seeing that at his Death, he left me well provided for, was not much affected; but yet remained sad; considering that a Man begins to die, when his Father, his Mother, or his Brother dies; they comforted me with discreet Arguments, but for the Comforts of an Orphan, there are none so efficacious as *Phillippus Hispaniarum Rex* stamped on the dead Man's Cash which he leaves.

Afterwards, when the Gentleman saw me somewhat comforted, he took out the Will, which he kept in a Cabinet, and passing over some Clauses, he read to me one which said thus:

AND forasmuch as Pedro Hernandez my Son is an Ignorant, a Fool, an Idiot, and incapable of any Art, Imployment, or Trade, whereby to maintain himself, and live handsomely in the World; I make Provision for him before his Brethren aforesaid, bequeathing him the one half of my Goods: And I will and require that one half of my Estate be given him, and settled for a perpetual Inheritance, to pass to the Ideots, and Fools, which shall descend from my said Son, and not to the eldest by any Means, unless he should be a Fool, and incapable: In Consideration that he hath a better Inheritance, more happy and more durable, to whom Heaven hath given Wisdom and Parts to maintain himself, and raise him an Estate. And whereas my two Sons aforesaid Diego and Ferdinando, are Persons able and sufficient to gain much Wealth; I desire, and it is my Will, that they content themselves with their Proportions.

This, Sir, I had a mind to read to you, (added he then) that you might be comforted; no less than full four Thousand Duckats a Year Rent, are those, which for an Inheritance fall to your Share, all well disposed in good Order; for your Father (who now is in Heaven) settled his Estate with much Prudence.

‘ Here you see me Heir to four Thousand Duckats a Year, only by being a Fool; do you think this was an indifferent Action of my Father? Be not so ignorant, for how could he commit Follies who was a Judge? What is more just, than to succour them who cannot succour themselves; to leave Wealth to those who know not how to gain it? To me, I am sure, that Clause seemed the most just, prudent, and holy that ever was made. The Executor and my Uncle having instructed me in all Things concerning my Estate, and the Means which I should use to receive my Rents; afterwards the one returned to *Sevill*, and the other to *Odon*.

‘ Then seeing my self Master of four Thousand Duckats a Year, I sold all my Law-Books, and swore never more to follow any Employment relating to that Faculty whilst I liv’d. Now you are to know, that among all my Glories, the greatest which I ever desired, was to be esteemed by all Sorts of People; and this sprang from the great Esteem I always had of my self. The Reason wherefore I call it, the greatest of my Glories to be esteemed; is, because Estimation or Love, as it is founded on meritorious Parts, is a Sign, that the Man who is esteemed or beloved, hath eminent ones. Rich and great Men cannot make this Trial, because a rich Man may be esteemed for his Riches, but not for his Person, and natural Endowments; Love may entertain it self with his Gallantry, Ornament, and Power, which being so splendid and beautiful, beget more Esteem and Love than their Master, who perchance is a dull Coxcomb, and one of no Parts. Amongst great Men there is the same Danger, because the Respect which all pay them,

“ them, rather seems a Tribute of their Fear than of their Love, which never was tributary to any.

“ I encountred both these Dangers, and was much troubled to think, that being a Judge, or being a rich Man, I knew not whether or no I had any true Friends, or that I had only forced ones; I feared I should live in a perpetual Error with my self in respect of false Friendships, wherein great Men are lost, know nothing but Flatteries and Adulations. So I withdrew my Hand from my Pretensions at Court, and laid it upon my Estate, concealing it with so great Artifice, that no body but you, thinks I am any more than a poor Doctor: On this manner I enjoy all the Priviledges of Poverty and Goods of Riches, without tasting the Bitterness of the one, or of the other: If at any Time I succour the Necessity of some Friend, as I have not the Opinion of one that hath much to spare, 'tis entertained with more Gratitude; if I give any Thing, it seems more than what it is, my low Fortune being considered. There is no cunning Thief meddles with me; at the Report of my not having Means enough for my self; no Woman desires me for a Husband, although she may wish I was her Gallant, thinking I have not an Estate sufficient to keep her a Coach; these and other Conveniencies I enjoy, by concealing my Estate.

“ I keep two Servants of my own Humour, faithful, and ingenious; I have the House that you see adorned with Pictures and Books, which flatter my Gouft; no one hath yet seen it, I permit not any body to go into this inner Room.

“ In the midst of this good Fortune, I fell in Love, with *Donna Dorothea* one Morning, being *St. John's* Day, as she was walking like a Nymph, on the Banks of the * *Manzanares*, to affront the Sun's Rays with hers; and having her Hair disheveled, playing with the gentle Winds, I saw her near the Park, and straitway swear she was going a hunting, and her

* The River which passeth by *Madrid*.

“ Eyes

Eye did not belie it, since they made me their Prey :
 What need Bows and Muskets if there be wounding
 Eyes ? What needs Military Preparations, if there
 be beautilous Eyes ? such were hers, and they were
 doubly valiant, in regard they kill'd, and kill'd at a
 small Expence of their Forces ; her Glances were
 sufficient for any Destruction.

The Time of the Morning, which now had rais'd
Venus above the Horizon, seem'd proper for Court-
 ship, and opportune for the admitting of Lovers amo-
 rous Caresses ; I took Courage, spoke to her in that
 wanton Stile, which the Babes of her Eyes prompted
 me to ; I found, I know not what welcome Recep-
 tion in them, which assur'd my Hope ; I followed
 her, learn'd her House, the Quality of her Parents,
 and all other Circumstances ; yet thought it not con-
 venient to court her in Publick, my Age and Pro-
 fession requiring the contrary ; but found out a Trick
 how to visit her by Night ; for she and her Mother
 were great Friends of a Lady of my Kindred, and by
 this Means I easily had Access to them ; so that that
 pass'd for Courtesy which really was Love.

Six Months are now expired, since I have wrest-
 led with her Disdains, and that with so much Cauti-
 on, as not only my Rivals, but even she herself,
 knows not how far the Empire of Love is extended
 over me. I was fearful of incurring the like Hazard,
 as I did with my *discreet chastized Mistress*, who
 because I declar'd my self briefly to her, though cun-
 ningly, she, from her Grace and Favour which before
 I enjoy'd, utterly cast me off, and forsook me ; as
 she did in the Event her own Credit and Honour.
 I therefore spoke to this, lovingly, but with so many
 several Faces, every Sentence ; that if she had a
 Mind, it should appear Courtship, she might make
 it appear Courtship ; if Courtesy, Courtesy ; if Love,
 Love.

One *Christmas* Night I came to her House, at a
 Time when she and her Mother were getting into a
 Coach ; I seeing them ready to go forward, would
 not

not speak to them, but stept up into the Coach-box, and the Coachman getting upon one of his Horses, as it is usual, left me his Place, supposing me to be the Gentleman-usher of those Ladies; I laid my Ear to the Window of the Coach whilst we were going towards the *Carmelites* Church, and heard this Discourse: Why hath not (said the Mother) this foolish Doctor been here to Night? but he is elsewhere playing the wise Man, I'll lay my Life on't: What a tiresome Coxcomb he is? Is it possible any one should think to overcome us by meer Arguments, as he does? We are Women, not Conclusions. Indeed (said *Donna Dorothea*) he is of a pleasant Humour; I am confident he is now making *Christmas Carols* for some zealous Nun of his Acquaintance, for it is not possible, but such a talkative Man must needs be a *Devoto* of the Nuns. What a confident Fool is he of Whimsies? He believes that with every Conceit he subdues a Heart: 'Tis a Wonder to me, to think that in so much Scholarship, should be couched so much Folly: Then how does he bed-rivel his Chops at every Word; God deliver me from so flegmatick a Fellow; For my Part I am persuaded, he expects at every Sentence, the Auditors in his Applause, should answer with an *Amen*. Has this Man Meat to his Mouth, reply'd the Mother, surely if he had any Thing to keep his Teeth in Employment, he would not be so vain: 'Tis meer Hunger forces him to this.

Nay there is nothing in the World, said *Donna Dorothea*, like the hearing him pave my Head and Face, with all Kinds of Stones; the other Day I kept Account, and found that I had by his Reckoning in my Eyes, Cheeks, Lips, and Hair, above an Hundred precious Jewels. I assure you (said the Mother at that in a great laughter) he courts thee for Marriage, what fine Folly is this? He is wondrous wise, certainly he knows not that the *Licentiate Campuzano*, has fewer Words and more Deeds: Come, come, that Man is tolerable; who though he be but a conceited

' ceited Afs, yet he is rich, and hath what we have
 ' need of ; in good Truth I resolve to tell him ~~my~~ Mind,
 ' fince he hath told me his, and we will ftill ftrike up a
 ' Match with him, out of Hand ; thefe Matters admit
 ' of no Delay ; for Men there are, who in the Morn-
 ' ing will be mad for Love, and after Dinner more
 ' hard-hearted that *Pharoah* ; to morrow he'll come
 ' to give us the *good Chriftnas*, and in good earneft
 ' we will take it, and will make up the Match ; for
 ' thou art now grown a Woman, and it is a Shame
 ' thou fhouldft be without a Husband.

' At this we came to the Church where they went in
 ' to Mattins, but I, in the dark, ftaid at the Door, muf-
 ' led up with my Cloak, and in a brown Study, finding
 ' my felf more touched at her fcorns, than enamoured
 ' of her Beauty, therefore projected my Revenge, and
 ' thus it was : When they came forth ; the Coach-
 ' man was not there, for he was gone to the *Hermitage*
 ' of St. *Martin* hard by, to clear his Throat with a
 ' Glafs of Wine. *Pedro*, faid they, bring the Coach
 ' forward ; I got up into the Coachman's Place, and
 ' brought the Coach for them to come in, they en-
 ' tred and drew the Curtains, for it was now paff two
 ' of the Clock, and they feared the Sharpnefs of the
 ' Air ; I drove on the Coach, being full of Rage and
 ' Spite, and leaned back my Ear to have drank in more
 ' Undeceivings, but they fpoke not a Word, for they
 ' were both nodding.

' Seeing them in this Cafe, inftead of carrying them
 ' to their own Houfe ; I brought them to mine, by
 ' the back Door, which in regard it is on the right
 ' Hand of this Street, and feems in the Porch fome-
 ' what like theirs ; befides what might a little excufe
 ' them, drowfinefs alfo deceived them ; fo they alighted
 ' came in, and I prefently fent away their Coach, by
 ' one of my Servants, with Command to leave it at the
 ' Door of their Houfe ; and after that the other
 ' had carried afide *Donna Dorothea* into a private Room,
 ' by her felf, made handfome for her ; the Mother was
 ' fent

sent home in a Chair, in the very same manner as the *Licentiate Campuzano* related to us here.

Since when, you have heard and seen, all that which hath happened in this Room; particularly the second Day of *Christmas*, you knew the State of the Fears of *Donna Dorothea*, and of her Parents. I know all that already, said *Don Felix*, and therefore admire you have so little Regard to what is due to the Quality of this Gentlewoman, that you so endanger her Honour and Credit, by a Way, from which you draw so little Profit. If she shall get any Blemishes in her Reputation, said the Doctor, and not deserve them, let it be at my Cost: I will salve them up by marrying her; but if she merit them how am I faulty? This is Revenge, not ill Usage; Defence not Injury.

What do you mean to do with her, (said *Don Felix*) that you are become such a *Tantalus*, with your Temptations before your Eyes? I am in Labour (answered the Doctor) with a Thousand Thoughts; God direct me for the best. I, my Friend, am a modern Philosopher, and that you may not think it strange, you must know, that what the ancient Impostors called Philosophy, the severe *Castilians* call Sloathfulness. Now I am of this Sect, and ever have an Eye to my Quiet and Ease; at all Times when my Nature inclines me to any Entertainment, before I yield my self for conquered; I make this Compact with it, and say to it, take Care that I may be Master in my Delights, and that you give me Pleasure, without Counterpoize: Matrimony 'tis true, is a holy Thing, but more holy is Martyrdom, and ends the Life; seeing then this Sweet attended with so much Bitterness, I made a Haült, drew forth my Feet, and told my Nature, 'twas not this I sought for; and yet I am not so free, but that I feel some Reluctancies in my Heart, which suffers me not to go into Port.

I could

‘ I could willingly thrust my self into holy Martyrdom, being thus pricked forward with Love, as I am ; if I might find in *Donna Dorothea*, any Spark of that Glory, which we call Correspondence, which could we but be sure of, I hold it for undeniable that Marriage would be the most pleasant and happy State of Mortals.

‘ This is my Calm, this is my Suspence; for Proof of this, I spend all my Discourse, and for this Reason, I keep the Delinquent Prisoner, until she shall have stood the Trial of her Offence, which is great; for, for her to enamour with Ingratitude, is a Crime of Falsity, which is committed by adulterating the Seals of Love, since nothing can enamour without Love; and she hath enamoured me, counterfeiting Love.

Give me leave, said Don *Felix*, if you please, by the ancient Friendship which we profess, that I may call Foolery what you have still’d Philosophy, and may prove, that this, which you esteemed Discretion, and have taken so much Pains to express, is a most absurd Folly; for what Excellency, I beseech you, in your Person can you pretend, that this Lady should bear you Love? You’ll say, because you are an understanding Man; and it may be too, you’ll say a Gallant. But let us stop upon the first: Either she is wise, or else she is foolish; if foolish, she’s blameless, because she is incapable of making a good Election; or you are not her like, since you are Discreet; if she be wise, without Doubt she will not affect you; because she will consider, you have the Repute of being a poor Man, or because it is the Misfortune of the Wife, to be always envied of the Wife. Have you not observed that Men of excellent Parts, have never been admired by others of excellent Parts; because every one would have the Glory to himself, not some Share of Glory, but the grand Title of Prime, Excellent and Only; besides we never desire what we possess; if this Gentlewoman be discreet, why should she desire a discreet Husband.

If you were a Fool, and should not speak a Word to her, but what was in Commendation of her rare Qualifications and Endowments; she would have Reason to esteem you: For what Preacher is there who hath not a greater Kindness for that Fellow-brother, who sits sleeping the one half of the Sermon while, and the other half studying Compliments to applaud it, then for some great Master, who carries away from him both the Glory and Auditory. Yet this Baseness the most wise Men have, that they know not how to make way for their own Praise: unless they trample upon the Heads of others; they cannot pass forward, without stumbling on him that goes before.

Your good Countenance, for certain, could not enamour her; because hers is somewhat better, and hath less Beard. This you must consider, if any Thing can make her in Love, it will be the seeing some excellent Thing in you, which she hath not, and she a Mind to have it; for all Desires are so conceived: But you have been so great a Coxcomb, that having four Thousand Duckats a Year (which might make four Thousand Maids fall in Love with you, because 'tis a beautiful Thing, and what every one has not) you not only have not boasted of them, but have rather concealed them. Of what then do you complain? Study how to make her in Love with you, and fly not from one conceit to another, for so you will be accounted but a Madman.

You say somewhat (said the Doctor very gravely) you say somewhat; this Conceit hath not seemed ill to me, for 'tis new, handsome and discreet. Be confident, you have spoken a Thing, that were you a Stranger, would qualify you for a most incomparable Man. I am considering on it, and at every Instant it seems better and better; I say, 'tis very well spoken; with great Reason certainly you are my Friend; for there ought to be a Sympathy in Wits. I now yield my self conquered, and confess I have been a Fool; and from this Moment, resolve to declare my Mind fully to *Donna Dorothea*, and to muster up all these Advantages,

L

where

where with of Force, I must make her in Love with me.

But because this Yoke of Marriage, is wont to endure all one's Life, I would be glad to build on such Grounds ; I will examine this Gentlewoman beforehand, to know if *Madrid* hath not infused its Follies into her ; for I have heard (of I know not what Philosopher) that the Earth hath also its Influences ; the rough, breeds rough ill natured Persons ; the smooth and pleasant, those that are mild and pleasing : And *Madrid* as it is a plain Country, promises a plain easy Disposition, which gives me some small Encouragement. That I will allow you to do, with all my Heart, said *Don Felix*, and leaving him now less heretical in his Opinions, he took his leave for that Time, offering, with Earnestness his Assistance, to the performing that Enterprize.

C H A P. VI.

*The Doctor makes Trial of the Constancy
of Dorothea.*

DO N *Felix*, seeing he began to get the upper Hand of the Doctor, by Force of Arguments; assumed fresh Vigour and Courage to prosecute his Conquest; and one Day determined to speak boldly to him, taking Confidence from his Victory in the past Encounters. He went then, carrying in his Head his Design how to leave him reduced; and found the Doctor with a little Book in his Hand, and with his Eyes fix'd on the Joists of the Room so diverted that he never saw his Friend enter, nor regarded his Courtesy, but was speaking aloud these frenzical Words:

Not without Cause, Oh great Son of *Venus*; generous Heroe! The most eloquent, the most high, the most polite, and most exquisite of all the Poets, celebrated thee; not without Cause, thou meritest the Pen of that Swan, whose Song is no Conjecture, nor presage of Death, but an Assurance of Life; which kills not, but rather immortalizeth. This same is an Exploit! This is a Victory! This is a Triumph! I mean not to have trod with a scornful Foot, on the daring Flames of that Fire, which did not pardon the very Brass; not to have escaped the devouring Jaws of *Scylla* and *Charybdis*; not the going down to the dark Island, the Kingdom of Miseries; not to lull asleep the Dog of Hell, to entertain and play with its Furies, and to affright its Guards; not to have vanquished so many Armies, and in a strange Country. In all these Actions he had Competitors: *Ulysses* escaped the Dangers of the Sea with fewer Mariners: *Hercules* and *Orpheus*

went down to Hell, and both without the Help of Witchcraft or Industry of *Sybill*: *Alexander* made the most remote Kingdoms his own by force of Arms: But to fly from a lovely and amorous Woman, who with her Beauty and her Charms, lays as it were an impregnable Siege of Diamonds; none hath done it, but thou, O valiant *Aeneas*! Thou alone, thou alone, deservest the sounding Monument, the sweet Pyramid, the numerous Eternity of the most incomparable *Virgil*. Oh that I might imitate thee! Oh that I might give Occasion to the *Spanish* Wits! that with equal Desire, if with less Fortune, they might, from time to time, from Generation to Generation, declare this my Valour to Posterity; yet there shall an Age come, wherein my Story shall serve for Terror and Admiration; the aged Father shall tell it to his hair-brain'd Son, to animate him by my Example to despise Love: The sage Historian shall write it amongst the Marvels of this Age, and shall put Applause and Remark in the Margent with glorious Attributes, to so high a Work. But whether go I? The Heavens I fear will not deliver me to the Memory of Men, with so much Advantage, to be applauded and commended for my Wit; I shall certainly incur the Hazard of being accounted a Fool in future Ages: They will call Dullness in me, what in *Aeneas* appear'd to be greatness of Courage; and yet, that is not what Ambition suggests to me.

But Pardon, great Poet, for now I understand thee; Now I know that in the Closets of thy Imagination, thou call'd'st his Determinations Follies; It was a Dexterity of thy Flattery, that undertook to lay Heaps of precious Stones at his Feet, who deserved to be stoned; thou flatter'd'st *Augustus* at that time, making him believe it was a glorious thing, to be reckoned in the Rank of his Predecessors; herein was a Master-piece also of thy Wit; it was the Gallantry of thy Eloquence, with false Colours to extol naked Trunks, barren Delarts.

And yet *Claudian* pleases me better, being a less Flatterer and more free; he introduces *Pluto*, who in the midst of his blind Empire, asks a Wife of *Jupiter*,
with

with the Intreaties of a Brother ; and forgetful of the Inequality between his Kingdom, and those of the other Gods ; he is only envious, he is only angry, at the Advantage they have of him, in having Wives : This he requests as in Recompence of his Troubles ; With this he thinks, he needs not envy the Sea, nor Heaven, the Kingdoms of his Brothers. What Heaven like a Woman, beautiful, discreet and pleasing ? Here the Eyes, portray the Stars ; Here the Hair, resembles the Light diffused Abroad ; The sweet Voice imitates the Charms of their Motion ; and all the whole Appearance, illustrated by a courteous Pleasingness, is the Picture of the whole Heaven, when most Serene.

Don *Felix* had scarcely heard him finish this Rapture, when, laughing heartily, he came to the enamoured Doctor, and taking him by the Hand, said : This is what I say, this is my Theme, pray let us understand one another better ; you are in haste to come to your desired Ends betimes, yet seek Ways to go about to them. Make an End, Sir, why do you destroy yourself with your Conceits ? You might have learnt Experience from the Evil, which threatens you, for being Wise ; since you have never been so by Neglect in all your Life, which has not left you a Punishment for it.

'Tis not long (reply'd the *Doctor*) since I was big with this Thought, and cursed my Fortune, for bringing my Judgment to this Estate of Perfection ; for I assure you, I pass my solitary Hours, the most troublesomely with this my Judgment, since it is become *Doctor*, as can be imagined ; for having it so lively, so swift, and so clear ; nothing can be concealed from it, it comprehends and penetrates all Things, The Case stands so with me, that I should do much Injustice to my Love, if I should think to avail my self by Discourse, I confess it possesseth me wholly, insomuch that it leaves no Place for Reason, wherein to employ it self ; You who are free from my Passions tell me, not as a Friend, but as a Law-giver, your Judgment in this ; and suppose you are taking in your Hands, a little soft Wax plyable and

disposed to receive any Impression or Form ; for I can promise you no small Hopes of my Cure, since at least it is prudence to confess, that I my self have none, and obediently to ask it of you.

Don *Felix* taking hold of the Liberty that was given him. There is only one Trial (said he) of *Donna Dorothea* to be made, which may give you any trouble ; and that is to know if she be fickle, or constant. Let this be the Trick ; she thinks already, she is in some Nobleman's House. You may feign your self to be the *German Ambassador*, and invite all your Friends to Dinner ; ordering them that they come cloathed like Ambassadors of several Nations, as of *England*, of *France*, of *Savoy*, of *Venice*, and of *Persia* ; you may make them a splendid Banquet ; and let it be in a Place, where she may peep and see it all, and believe it to be real ; this being done, let me alone to tempt her ; as for the Rest, the Effect will show.

The Doctor embraced him for this Plot, and so well approved of it, that he said, By the Life of the Emperor, this is what I could have wisht for ; and gave him in Charge to invite the Guests, and provide them with Cloaths at some Stage-Players. Don *Felix* did so, and the next Day eight merry Blades met together in a Room, which was richly dressed up, where they all sat down at the Table in great State, to an excellent Entertainment ; and it was pleasant to see how well their Disguise became them.

In an inner Room stood *Donna Dorothea* at Bo-Peep, accompany'd by Don *Felix*, the counterfeit Steward of the *German Ambassador* ; she was astonish'd and almost distracted to see her self in that marvellous Slavery, which Don *Felix* perceiving, said, 'Tis now high time, Madam, that you should know the End which your Admiration may expect.

Arnaldo Boni my Lord Ambassador of *Germany*, fell passionately in Love with your Beauty, one Day, when by Chance he saw you, destroying the Gallants of the *Prado* with it ; and being straightned betwixt his Desires, and the extraordinary Majesty of his Office, that would

would not permit him at your House, to wait on you, and court you in Obedience to his great Love ; he determined by means of Servants and his Friends to steal you away ; which he did as you know too well, it having since cost you many a sad Tear ; yet would he not force your Will, for it is no Glory, among such great Princes, to use Violence in Love : Therefore above all his Ambitions he desires you will account him for yours, and amongst other Pledges which he gives you as a Testimony of his Love, he delivers you the excellent Furniture, which you see adorns his House ; and promises to make you so rich, that you shall be coveted in Marriage, by more than a few Gallants ; you are Discreet and cannot chuse, but see, that in gaining so much, there's nothing lost.

It seemed Don *Felix* infused Shame in at her Ears, not Words, by that which filled all her Face ; but after it had given her Leisure in her Breast, to send forth her Breath at her Mouth ; with many Arguments intermixed with Tears, (which not to make sad the Hearer I forbear to relate) she made Show of her noble Spirit, and of the Greatness of her Courage ; telling him, that *Germany* had not Treasures enough, to recompense the least Neglect of her Chastity. Don *Felix* added Threats, but it was but to add Snow to her ; for they all found her but more frozen to his Suit.

The Steward left her, with Gestures that threatened she should fare worse for this disdainful Resolution ; and coming to the Doctor of *Germany's* Ear, he told him somewhat in secret, which invited the Curiosity of the rest of the Embassadors, to take Notice of it, particularly that of the *Great Turk* ; who holding a large Cup of Wine in his Hand to pledge a Health, said, I swear by *Mahomet* not to drink this Health, till I know the Cause that holds your Excellency in such Suspense : The Doctor (sitting hid behind a huge Pair of Spectacles, which covered his whole Face, and yet there remained Glass enough to have served his Neighbour) gave a good Thump upon the Table, with which he threw down all on the Ground, and feigning a desperate Passion, began to

to cry out, saying ; Bring me her hither, bring me her hither presently, for I'll have her beheaded.

Don *Felix* came like an Executioner for the poor Gentlewoman, and had but little Trouble to bring her, for Fear had almost struck her dead, that she could only ask Don *Felix*, if the Ambassador was a Christian or not ; and then was brought to the Tribunal, just at the Time that the *German* was tearing for Anger a flaxen Beard, Spick and Span new, which a little before had cost him a Crown ; when *Donna Dorothea* saw so violent a Choler, she thought she had the Knife already at her Throat ; and she thought not much amiss, for the *German* no sooner saw her in his Presence, when Inatching up a Knife which by Chance he found amongst the Fragments of the ruin'd Table, he went towards her, like an enraged Monster ; but the Ambassador of *France* who was a handsome Man, and above all a Courtier and Servant of Ladies) with-held his Arm ; by which means, for that time, he suspended the Sacrifice.

They all then cry'd out, wherefore is this Disturbance ? Why is all this Uproar, before so many illustrious Persons ? At these Reproofs the *German* Ambassador was a little calmer, and intreating their Attention, began thus :

I, by neglect, fell (not long since) in Love with this poor pitiful Wench ; stole her, and offered her the richest Jewels which I brought with me from *Germany* ; but she is so foolish, and so stupid, as she answers me, That my Nation hath not a Jewel which can deserve her. This is it, that puts me besides my self ; let therefore the most Sober, the most Prudent, and the most Temperate of you all, judge what Punishment she deserves ; and let him first consider that this would be, to give Place to too much Liberty ; if it should be permitted, that an inconsiderable foolish Woman, should stand it out against an Ambassador, and with so much Impudence, to insist upon her Liberty.

Scarcely had the *German* Ambassador said this, when by strange Gestures, and mysterious Signs, they all gave to understand, that the Crime was notorious, and worthy

thy exemplary Punishment: And after a little Pause, the *Persian* Ambassador who was an Eunuch, or at least appeared so to be, said, That it was very important towards the publick Good of all Nations, that, that Woman should be torn Limb from Limb, for being Insolent, and a Rebel to Love, and Riches; and that every one of the Ambassadors should carry away his Piece, to terrifie others with it. Another alledged, that it was not needful, because there were not in the World any more of that Humour.

The *English* Ambassador (who was a Gentleman of a pleasing and mild Aspect) said, That not only she did not deserve Death, but rather an immortal Statue of shining Brass to be erected in her Memory, for being the only Contemner of Money. He of *Venice* was for making a Nun of her, and drawing out of the Cloyster in her stead, the first Nun that should come to Hand.

On this Hazard, ran the Life of the disdainful Lady; and after the final Debate, it seemed the major Part consented to the taking away of her Life, in Regard some had been for the putting her into a Nunnery, and some for tearing her Piece-meal, which in Effect was all one. The Sentence therefore being thus decreed, the Steward carry'd her from thence so dismay'd, and so seized with Fear, that Death had almost play'd his Part already with her; and whilst the Punishment was preparing for her, the Ambassador of *Germany* made an Oration to the illustrious Senate on this manner.

Most prudent and faithful Friends, I have desired this Lady (the Honour of our Age) with a perfect Love; I have acquainted her with my Desires, like a Lover; and have confirmed them, as a Person of my Quality ought to do; yet neither Time, nor my kind Treatment, have been sufficient to work her to favour me; there's no Brass so hard, as her Obstinacy; wherefore seeing that no Intreaties, nor Kindness could prevail: I betook my self to Threats and Violence; Yet did but flatter my Imagination, to think that Fear could do more than Love; so that one remains as much ashamed, as the other is desperate. You have now been Witnes-

ses

ies of her Constancy and Courage more than Human. She hath passed such a Trial, as might be said to equal, if not exceed, that of *Lucretia* and *Portia*. But 'tis my Misfortune, that I was never in Love with any Woman, tho' of never so mean a Condition, nor never so much unacquainted with Courtship, who became not colder than Ice to me. A thousand times I have been resolving to compass my Desires by marrying, which although it be a hard Chapter, I shall do but as the Patient, who suffers his Arm to be cut off, to preserve his Life; Mine knows not how to get Reception, where this my Enchantment is not: But her mean Fortune contradicts this Determination; she's a poor Woman, a Woman of a contemptible Quality; and yet that's not to be considered, if she be Discreet, if she be Beautiful, if she be Constant and Chaste, above all those whom Histories celebrate. He who thinks that Riches and Ornament of Soul and Body may be found, in one only Subject, little knows the Freaks and Irregularities of Fortune; since he observes not that she very seldom distributes her Treasure amongst Persons of the greatest Deserts: Now he that hath but the least Grain of Understanding, may easily perceive that this being so, 'tis a happy Choice which employs me, in the sovereign and chiefest Goods; not in those which look on Things variable, and inconstant. For this Reason I assembled you, for this Reason I made the shews of Anger which so much have astonished you. The boasting of my Greatness by my Wealth, and by my Cruelty, was not enough, to shake her constant and firm Breast: What greater Testimony can there be of her Virtue; and of the Happiness of my Choice? Tell me now your Opinions; for although you think you see me byas'd, and altogether sway'd by my own Appetite, I am not so much, as that it denies me a better Judgment, and more prudent Counsel.

They all applauded the Doctors Management of his Plot, with great Signs of Admiration. Is this the Fool? cries one. How few (says another) have we in the World, so ingenious as this Man? Assuredly, continues a third,

third, he has a notable Head-piece of his own. Thus was his Doctorship commended, and extoll'd by all the Monarchies of the Universe; Who, at last consulting together what was fittest to be done, in this Business; unanimously agreed and thought it convenient, to undeceive the afflicted Bride, by the Mouth of Don *Leonardo*; and that calling together the Friends and Kindred of both Parties, the Match should be made up. After which the Ambassadors took their Leaves, and the Bridegroom remained well enough contented and pleased.

Now for a Poet, or one that hath but at any time spoken with a Man, whose Genius lies that Way, to be able with lively Colours to paint out and express, the most sweet, the most amorous, and most excellent Conversation, that ever Lovers have had, since *Venus* and *Adonis*, to this present Age.

O *Muse*! if at any time, for Spight, or for thy Pleasure, thou lesteft off to be a Virgin; and out of Curiosity didst permit thy self, to be carried away with the alluring Thoughts of Love; if thou wert at such time, at any amorous Parly; Now is a good Opportunity to enjoy thy self; now thou may't make Ostentation of thy Skill, and glut thy self with thy Pleasures. But some Poet will say, What has this Fellow to do to conjure the Muses, speaking in Prose? What need hath he in Prose to invoke the Muses Assistance? *Ill-conditioned Poet*, if my Prose were as flat as thy Rhymes, thou would'st guess a-right. But I must tell thee, Poesy consists not in the gingling Sound, but in the Loftiness of the Spirit, and Elegancy of the Words.

Venus was risen upon the Horizon, and some what scornfully had turn'd her back upon her Gallant, the *Sun* dispersing her Loves amongst her Rays, of which our Doctor had no need, and yet it seem'd he drank them down. But this might be his Thirst after these bold Attempts. He went then, or rather his Affections carried him to the Lodging of the Confus'd *Dorothea*, whom he found sad and much afflicted. Our Gallants Face and Body now carrying no Disguise on them; he

sa.

saluted her in betwixt a fawning and timorous manner, as a new-com'd Suitor : *Dorothea* could not at first call him to her Remembrance ; the Stories of her late-past Fears, had so distracted her ; but hearing his Voice, she knew him by it, answering him, with a courteous and troubled Gesture ; and no sooner was she able to move her Lips, when sighing and lamenting she said ; are thou perchance, the Instrument that these *Barbarians* have destined for my Death ? Pray come near ; come, for I perceive already that you are joyful, to see the revenge put into your Hands, of my Modesty and Reservedness, which you will call Dildain : But hear me, I beseech you, e're you execute the rigorous Stroke ; and take notice before hand, that it is not to lessen my Torments, but only to vindicate my reputation.

The Doctor was about to reply, saying, he came with a different Purpose ; but *Dorothea*, had in such Sort her Imagination possessed with Fear, that even upon her Knees, with Intreaties, more than of a Woman ; she did beseech him, with great Tenderness, that he would hear her a little.

Be not glad at this Revenge (said she) which in Effect is not so, in Regard it falls not upon an Injury ; you have courted me some few Months ; you have a Complaint against me, and a great one, that I have made no return to your Courtship or Desires : 'Tis an unjust Complaint, for you have either desired me with licentious, or with modest ends : As to the first Attempt, no Reward is due, it deserves no Gratitude ; for 'tis a manifest Injury, with a Mixture of Treason ; since it conceals Villainy, under the Covert of Flatteries : To the second all is due, but with Modesty ; and in this, I have corresponded with you, which is the forced *Eccho* of a modest Courtship.

Had it not been an undervaluing of my Love, if I should have showed my self easy, then when I had raised in you an Imagination of my being impossible ? — Had I not injur'd you, to set a low Esteem on what you your self had so much extoll'd ? And if this be pure Love,

Love, does not its self alone reward him who entertains it ? since 'tis so noble that it illustrates all, and leaves to none any Cause of Complaint ; by being of its own self a Reward, as all other Virtues are : For it was a Providence of Heaven, not to suffer its own Pledges to be rent in Pieces, and those also the most divine ones, by leaving them to the inferiour Jurisdictions of Fortune ; whom Fooleries and Errors do for the most Part please by Sympathy ; and whom good Actions displease and vex, by her Antipathy to them.

Perfect Love is enjoyed and rewarded only with loving, which is no vulgar Reward ; for he that loves intire Perfections (according to the Laws of pure Love) doth intimate, that he himself also hath such Perfections ; and illustrious Fame is attained, by loving those who merit illustrious Fame ; all other Advantages are likewise acquired by admiring such as have these Advantages ; Now is this any Reward ? Does it give any ? You will say, there can be no Love without Hopes ; and yet you will not say so, if you understand Love, I mean legitimate Love ; Love that merits this Name ; not that adulterate, with a counterfeit Name ; which can boast no such Prerogative, as to be free from Hope and Fear, as this can ; which neither hopes nor fears, because it enters into the Fruition of what it desires immediately, so soon as it is born. This gave it the Title of a Deity in the *Golden Age*, when Hearts were more pure ; then they called it a God, because its Miracles seemed to be the Privileges of a God, and amongst others, this of making it self Possessor of all it desired, only by desiring it. A Man did then only desire to love ; he loved and possessed ; which had not been Love, if he had desired more ; at that Time this Fury was but a Sport ; this Martyrdom but a Pastime ; because Courtesy gave Laws, to whom she was rightfully the Law-giver ; imposed Precepts which Obedience executed ; and there was nothing so hard as not to obey.

Now revenge your self, if you find Occasion ; I have comply'd with what I owe, that, that might not seem despair, which is misfortune ; with this I shall die more

M

contented,

contented, though more complaining. Here her Tongue ceased, and her Eyes began to do what she had done, they turned into Pearls like her self, no less winning, nor less precious. Oh ! how powerful are Eyes to persuade ? How they can flatter, threaten, or complain !

The Gallant at this remained without Arms, and comforting *Dorothea*, assured her, that he came not to take away her Life, but to give her his ; she coming better to her self, although in great Admiration ; and as there is no Grief which leaves idle the Curiosity and Desire of knowing in Women, she asked him the Cause of that Novelty, who had brought him thither, or what Business he had with her ; which he satisfied as well as he could, with fine Words, acquainting her that it had been he who had stolen her away, who had kept her concealed, and who had so affrighted her ; mixing now and then her want of Love, to sweeten the Fault.

Thus he gave her a full Account of all his *Chimeras*, and told her of nothing so largely, as the Secret of his Riches, his being Master of four Thousand Duckats a Year, and the Occasion of having kept them private ; this he repeated many Times, as if every Crown had been a shield in his Defence ; expecting that his Mistress would have stretched out her Arms to have embraced him, that the Fortune which he brought with him, might not escape her ; and coming nearer prepared to receive her : The Lady with a resolute Courage, gave him so great a Stroke upon the Breast, that he fell flat on the ground, with his Head aking somewhat more than before.

Methinks (Friend Reader) I see thee amazed, crossing and blessing thy self ; which I should not at all be displeased at, if I did so for the joy I should have to know that thou art a Christian ; for I promise thee, I have so ill an opinion of thee, that I doubt whether thou art one or no : and if thou dost examine thy Life, thou wilt find it all along but ill intentioned.

Thou

Thou standest laughing at the Fable, and layest, Oh what a new fashion'd *Arctalogue* is this? But yet I know not if thou wilt say so or not; for it may be thou canst not tell what an *Arctalogue* is. Here, wilt thou say, is a fine introducing of an accomplish'd Lady, and one that is a Maiden too; to whom, after he had feigned that her Servant hath been making Boast of his Riches, and that he hath acquainted her with his Desire to marry her; now he feigns to us, that she is disdainful, and breaks his pate with her Fist.

The Case is; this is no Fable, I speak civilly if thou knowest how; for I am not a Man that am used to lie: This is a true History, and so true, that when I think on it, I am vex'd at the Soul with this impertinent Doctor, and will keep him all the while I can, down on the Floor, in Revenge of his mischievous Jest; and whilst he's complaining and bemoaning himself, at this coltish Trick; I'll have a fling or two at thee.

Behold thou, who (in thy Life-time) admirest nothing that thou hearest or seest, because thou thinkest that this would be to publish thy Ignorance; I tell thee that the Natures and Dispositions of Men, which thou callest their Fancies, are very different in the World; and the World hath not any Thing so beautiful as this Variety; every one acting and discoursing according to his Inclination.

Oh what a Secret I have told thee! and what a Treasure I have given thee, if thou knowest but how to embowel it! I have pointed thee out a Thing, that were I a foreign Writer, I would rather make thee run mad, than reveal it to thee; I would put it into Cyphers; I would procure help of the Abbot *Trithemius* his * *Steganographia*; I would command thee to purge with *Helebore*, and afterwards would leave thee as wise and unsatisfied, as thou wert two Hours before I found thee. But I am better natur'd, thou shalt know then that in all moral Discourses, and in many of the Sciences likewise,

* Or the Art of secret Writing, Printed at Darmstadt, 1621.

the difference of Opinions, has risen from the Difference of the Inclinations of Writers.

The Law is a Faculty, which errs most of all, in the Disconformity of Opinions ; because it hath more of Morality than any other. Our Understanding, if it were free from this Embarrassment of Flesh and Blood, without doubt would always hit exactly upon the Truth ; for it naturally hath Ideas, Notions, of Forms of it, which serve it instead of Originals ; insomuch that seeing it painted out in any Discourse, by comparing it with its Draughts, it knows whether it be that or no ; but what hinders or molests it, is the Affection proceeding from the Intemperance of this Vessel, wherein it is either preserved or spoiled.

I shall do thee a great Kindness, to tell thee, that the Intemperance of Affections, does not arise only from the Disproportion and Discord of Heat and Moisture, (as the *Paripatetiques* say) but from the Stars ; which, according to their Motion, Site, Aspect, and Nearness that they have ; do influence on us Affections, Vices, and natural Virtues ; conformable and like to their Motions, Qualities and Natures.

The Understanding then guided by the Affections, discourseth always like to the Affections, after the manner of a flattering Friend, (which thou mayest call discreet) who talking to thee, concerning that which gives thee most Pleasure, applauds and admires it, be it never so ill contrived and preposterous. Thou wilt better understand me by Examples.

A Man is born an *Epicure*, altogether a Friend of his Delight, of good Liquor, and a plentiful Table ; he is of a pleasant Conversation, peaceful, quiet, always mindful of his own Tranquility ; and so careful in this, that he's never troubled at the Death of his Kindred, the Misfortune of his Neighbour, nor the Poverty of his Friend : The Ambition of Glory, never disquiets him ; he's drawn out by Force amongst Tribunals, and to publick Solemnities ; and unconcerned at the Government of the Commonwealth ; in fine, the Man is wholly for the Delight of his Body, feeding, and procuring Mirth,
and

and ever far from any other Care. Put a Pen into his Hand, counsel him that in Regard he hath so good an Understanding, is so pleasant, and so ingenious; he write something that may serve for a light to others, not so happy; he's persuaded to write, and treat of the chiefest Goods, and being only inclined to his Delight, that Affection which this Inclination imprinted in him, treats him as its Scholar, or its Servant; and causes, that his Understanding flatters him, and gains a full Empire, even in the most sacred Place: In the end, he writes, that the chiefest Good, is to regale, and please one's self; and from thence he runs into a Thousand other Errors, as one that suffers himself to be led by a blind Man.

Chriftus, is born altogether wedded to his Rest; wholly given up to Idleness; he writes of Vices and Virtues, and puts down Mercy for a Vice; commanding expressly, that no wise Man harbour it in his Breast, because it pays badly for its Lodging, and disquiets too much.

Up starts a covetous and Severe Lawmaker, the very Disgrace of Nature it self; he finds natural Reason crying out to him, that to serve is against his Laws; that Men were born to command, unless they be Fools; who because they know not how to command, were born to obey; and being guided by his harsh and covetous Nature, finds out Arguments, that it may be lawful, for some Men to subject others, and to be served by others; to kill, and to destroy them; and without calling to Mind so many Reasons, as stand laying before him to the contrary; being become a slave to his Affections, maintains that there ought to be slaves.

Yet there will one Day appear a Man so pure from all Clouds, and Darkneses of the Understanding; as to declare, That the greatest Good of Mortals, is Virtue; because it is a certain Part of God: That the Tranquillity of the Mind, consists not in the pampering and Delights of the Body: That Mercy is a Virtue: That Slavery and Servitude, Discord and Destruction; are unjust unless it be where there is no other Remedy, and

for avoiding of greater Evils ; That Reasons of State, for the most Part have somewhat in them contrary to the Law of God, whereby they are discovered not to be Reasons.

You need no clearer Demonstration, that Opinions most commonly are governed by the Affections ; than the finding it established by Law, that he incurs the penalty of Death who shall steal his Neighbour's Goods of Fortune ; and of Banishment, he that shall wound another : And in former Times, in the ancient Laws, a Buffet, or Blow on the Face, was punished (in *Spain*) with the Value of little more or less than * eight *Royals*. That a Buffet, the highest of Injuries, where it seems the Works of God are defaced, by the Hand of the Aggressor ; when by Sacrilege, the Soul is profaned, which appears with the greatest Glory in the Countenance ; and that to be chastised with so slight a Penalty ! The Buffet, I say, which stains the Honour and Reputation for ever, to be souldred up with Money ; and Money punished with the Gallows, or an Ax ! Money stolen is not contented with less Revenge than Honour and Blood ; and yet Honour and Blood, are contented with Money, and so little as can scarcely be called Money, who doubts that the one Injury was not greater than the other ; by how much the good of the Body and Soul is greater than that of Fortune ? Thus have our Lawmakers had such ill and vile Affections, as that they have judged quite contrary to Reason ; and yet thought themselves so wise, that they put this for a Law, and left it recorded for Justice.

Which being considered, never marvel at this Novelty of *Dorothea*, since it contains a Mystery, and perchance Wisdom ; for it is not of Necessity, that that only should be infallible and without all Scruple, which the Vulgar admits of ; believe me, for the most part it errs : And if all the Vulgarities,

* About Half a Crown.

which

which this evil Beast hath contrived, were laid open; thou wouldest see how many Ignorances they contain, and how ignorant thou art in following them. Now if thou thinkest that this is Sophistry, or Force of Arguments; there's a good Remedy: Hear this Maiden, in whom Reason speaks without Artifice, and thou wilt remain well satisfied.

My dear Sir, I have been thinking of you very much lately, and how much I have to thank you for the many favours you have done me. I am sure you will be glad to hear that I am now in the enjoyment of good health, and that I am able to do all the business that you have committed to me. I am also very glad to hear that you are well, and that you are still in the enjoyment of your health. I am sure you will be glad to hear that I am now in the enjoyment of good health, and that I am able to do all the business that you have committed to me. I am also very glad to hear that you are well, and that you are still in the enjoyment of your health.

I am sure you will be glad to hear that I am now in the enjoyment of good health, and that I am able to do all the business that you have committed to me. I am also very glad to hear that you are well, and that you are still in the enjoyment of your health. I am sure you will be glad to hear that I am now in the enjoyment of good health, and that I am able to do all the business that you have committed to me. I am also very glad to hear that you are well, and that you are still in the enjoyment of your health.

C H A P.

I am sure you will be glad to hear that I am now in the enjoyment of good health, and that I am able to do all the business that you have committed to me. I am also very glad to hear that you are well, and that you are still in the enjoyment of your health. I am sure you will be glad to hear that I am now in the enjoyment of good health, and that I am able to do all the business that you have committed to me. I am also very glad to hear that you are well, and that you are still in the enjoyment of your health.

C H A P. VII.

The Doctor carries on the Discourse, and the History is continued; wherein the Fool is made wise.

IF Wills could be sold (said the *Singular Damofel*) as other Goods are; mine would run the Hazard, of being triumphed over by your Friends: But the Laws will not suffer that Things sacred, should be exposed to Sale; because he that sells, contemns, and slight, as declaring that he hath no need of what he sells; or at least, that he esteems more the Price, than the Jewel. The Will is sacred, therefore expect no Sale of it; it may sometimes suffer it self to be alienated, I confess, but not into prophane Hands; only into those of another's Will, against which no Privileges avail, by Reason of the Equality.

You, Sir, have no Will, nor Love, which can stand you in stead, towards the promoting what you pretend to, I see it in your Affections; for, for you to endanger the Loss of my Reputation, to bring me to the very Point of Death, and to threaten Violence; favours more of Abhorrency than of Love. You know this Affection but ill, if you call it blind, and think to advantage your self, by the Pictures which represent it to you, with a Scarf before its Eyes, amongst your Comrades; since that is no Emblem of Blindness, but an Evidence of its having the very property of a *Lynx*: In regard it acts what it will, in despite of its Scarf; Hoodwinked (as they say) it procures its ends; this is then the Glory and Excellency of the Eyes, to work blindfolded.

I will never yield up my self to that Man, who assists himself with Power and Deceit, to conquer good liking and Loyalty: Neither would I have you to think, but that I esteem more of my self, naked of these Goods
of

of which you boast, than of you cloathed with them, for if at any time, they are to be esteemed, it is only when they serve to celebrate some pretty Stratagem, not when they attempt to call out for Empire, and to require Subjection. I shall live happily with him who shall be my Equal; you cannot be so, because you want as much to equal me, as you exceed me in Riches; since therefore for them you are such an impudent Clown, pine away, and die without hopes.

She had said more, the sense of seeing herself thus affronted, and mocked, had so much transported her, had not the Doctor interrupted her. If you have thought (said he) that there can be a durable Love without correspondence, you have been deceived. Never fear, Madam, never fear, you shall be beloved with excess, when you can abhor with excess: I confess my obstinate persisting herein, hath done me but an ill Office, and branded me for a Fool, for desiring one who cared not for me, but this hath not been without mistakes. Whilst I had hopes, I engaged my self in all occasions, which might assist me towards the obtaining what I hoped for, but now that instead of Flowers, I gather Thistles: Now, I say, that I discover your deceitful humour, and that your Coldness is not Modesty, but meer Hatred: Never believe, that I shall be so Marble-like, as not to change, and be sensible that from henceforward it is Dissimulation, what hitherto has been Love.

If some Suitor should at any time trouble you with his Courtship, after he is repulsed, or discarded, do not believe that this is Love, for it is but a persisting to trouble you: Neither accuse him of being facil and changeable, if he doth not Court you still, for this is Courtship and not Coldness: He obliges you, in not seeing you, if he thinks, he troubles you, when he sees you. You may be certain, that in all this, you have not run any hazard, in your reputation, for herein (as you say) my Love hath been a *Linx*, since it hath looked so carefully after it. Return home then to your own House, and suppose that you are Mistress of this which you leave, without more Obligation of pay, than
your

your having entred into it, and the knowing you have power to command it.

He had no sooner ended this, when calling a couple of Servants, and whispering privately to *Don Felix*, who came with them; he took leave of her, not without Admiration of those who beheld it.

It being now night, they carried her, or rather she walked Home, waited on by *Don Felix*, and other Servants, who as they were instructed by the *Crafty Gallant*, left her in the Porch of her House; where we'll also leave her, going in, and crying for joy, with her Father, Mother, and Kindred, to their great Satisfaction: It not being my intent to trouble my self, with painting out tears, nor whinings, since greater Matters call me another way.

Fame divulged this Heroick Action of the Doctor's amongst his Friends, who put a high esteem on him for it, and there was none, who did not Graduate him for an Ingenious and Wise Man: The *Chronicler* also being his Friend, was a help in the Augmentation of his Applauses; so was *Don Felix*, for he at no time related it, that he did not extol him to Admiration: He would stay sometimes to tell the conceit, and then annex a Hundred other pleasant ones to accompany it. Fortune surely bears a share, in things that are spoken well, and in Actions that are nobly performed, and distributes good or evil Fame, amongst us, as she doth her other goods. The Doctor's increased like Froth, nor was there any discourse of Mirth, in which (without naming the Person) he was not talked of. At the Report of this Story, a certain Lady would pretend, she could not endure to hear of it: This worthy Lady, *Madam Fantastical*, would not forsooth, allow by any means, but that Suitors should remain constant to Eternity; notwithstanding all the scorns and frowns which often distract some, and almost destroy others of them: Her fancy truly carries no Reason with it, if she likes not to see a Love made, or marr'd in so short space: Let her therefore (I advise) improve her opportunity, or she may stay till Crabs grow at her heels, e're she get a Servant to fulfil her Whimsy. All

All the Doctor's Friends were one night met together, at his House to make merry, and to have a Game at the Play called * *El Hombre*, or *the Man*; Some played, others looked on, and the Doctor happened to be *El Hombre*. One, amongst the rest, who was a pretender to Wit, and delighted more to quibble on the talk, than mind the Play, being unwilling to lose the opportunity of shewing his rare qualifications, said: It is with reason, Sir, for you (as truly as any in the World) may say you are a Man, since the ingenuity, which you of late days have shewn, is much of a Man, and of a very discreet Man: They took occasion then every one of them, to commend him, running on in that Subject a good while, which at last was closed up; all concluding that this had been the most discreet Action, they had ever heard or seen. The Doctor (modestly and with a grave look) checked them; and afterwards told them: 'Tis well, said he, you jeer me with this, for discretion, I being so cry'd up a Fool: suppose it rather a thing inconsiderately done, or else attribute it to my Love's leaving me with such ease; for this is also the property of Fools. Here they were all in a Hubbub, and with a loud noise, not without some Oaths, made him believe he was as wise a Man, as was in all the Walks of *San Felipe*. One of them that was a pleasant witty Fellow, said: This is no ill scruple, which *Mr. Doctor* has objected, he may well be jealous of his Reputation, and I find no other remedy for it, than to Graduate him a wise Man, since we have amongst us *Doctors of Discretion*, here are *Poets*, here are *Criticks*, here are *Flatterers*, and here are *Wits*, there's nothing wanting.

I accept the Favour, said the Doctor (with a cheerful Countenance) with all my Heart, that we may leave off this Play; for 'tis a terrible thing for any Body to be *El Hombre*, 'tis enough to make one tremble with Fear, and in the Upshot it will cost him some Money.

* ▲ Game at Cards.

This is a very old Complaint, said another, and we can do no less than give you your Degree; yet do not suppose it done on a sudden, without Forecast; for I have brought in writing the *Laws* which you must keep to be accounted *wise*. Then it seems, said the Doctor, you came not to make Trial whether I am a wise Man or no, but to dub me one, as they dub a Knight: Truly this is the most certain and easy way; for I assure you, there are few in the World, who merit the Degree of a wise Man; but just as at the dubbing of some Knight; what famous Actions he hath done, are not looked after; 'tis sufficient if he be able to perform any, and that conjectured too by his Ancestry; and are contented for the present, with instructing him, what he is to do, to comply with the Order of Knighthood; nevertheless this is a great Honour, and worthy of much Estimation: So shall I likewise remain highly honoured with your dubbing me a wise Man, since at least you assure me that I may be one; in regard you see some glimmering in me.

Let this serve for an Oration, said one of the briskest, and taking a Book called *Lope de Vega's Plays*, he made him kneel down upon his Knees, giving him with it, three Blows on the Forehead, said, Doctor *Ceneudo*, *wilt thou be a wise Man?* To which he answered, *I will*. Then he added the other, *God make thee one; for I cannot*.

All commended the Ceremony, and the President gave Command that every Man should sit down in his Order, to hear the *Constitutions of Discretion*.

Here happened a great Dispute betwixt the *Poets*, and the *Pretenders to Wit*; which should have the chiefest Place: The *Batchelors of the Silver Order*, *Devoto's of the Nuns and Ladies*, considering upon it, said, that to them it was rather due, as being the very Map of Discretion: But the President or Chair-Man determined, that they should give the chiefest Place to the *Poets*, because though they knew not Discretion, at least they taught it. In the End, being all seated, the *Constitutions* were read almost to this Effect.

LAWS and CONSTITUTIONS of DISCRETION.

WE Discretion, *Queen and Mistress of all the Universe; To you the wise Men of the first Class, Novices of the strict Order of Knowledge, Understanding and Words! Know that Relation hath been made to us, of the Excesses and Absurdities which such of you as are Lovers of pleasant Conversation, do commit, and have committed, by inventing new Ways of speaking and doing; from whence hath resulted, and doth result great Damage to all human Wit and Scholarship: Wherefore for Redress of your Disorders, we do establish and ordain the following Laws, which you shall know and keep under Pain of our Displeasure.*

IN the first Place; Because Experience hath shewn us, that the having a bad Tongue, being a busy Censurer of other Men's Actions, is not Wit, but ill Intention; and that notwithstanding the Faults of Men are many and grievous, the ill Tongue does but only relate them we ordain, that such call not themselves, nor may be called Discreet, but meer Fools for ever: And that without Suspicion of Malice, any one may impute as many more Faults on such Ill-Tongues or Back-Biters, as he or they did relate with an ill Intention: For the Delight of this perverse People is founded in the procuring Comfort to themselves, in Respect of their own Faults, by relating other Men's; and for certain they would not seek for Comfort, unless they were Comfortless.

N

Item,

‘ *Item*, That every Man of civil Language may
‘ doubly be call’d both Wise and Elegant.

‘ *Item*, That no Man who is about to be marry’d,
‘ or is in Love, may be Wise, during the Time that his
‘ amorous Fits shall continue, on pain of being accounted
‘ a Clown a Coxcomb, and a Flatterer.

‘ That no wise Man keep in his House the Acade-
‘ my of Compliments, nor any Formulary of Letters ;
‘ neither write after the common and ordinary stile of all
‘ Men, because we shall think that he knows no bet-
‘ ter.

‘ And because we are informed, that in the Visits
‘ of Courtesy, or Compliment, there are committed
‘ many notable and gross Absurdities in unnecessary
‘ Questions? We command, that it shall not be Lawful,
‘ to ask any handsome Woman, or any that thinks
‘ her self so, if she be in health ; because to doubt it,
‘ is as much as to say, she is unhandsome.

‘ That, there being two or more Visitants, come in
‘ at several Times ; he be obliged to go away first,
‘ who came in first ; on pain of three Years being
‘ esteemed a Clown ; or else according as our Pleasure
‘ shall think fit.

‘ That to such Visits of Courtship, no Man may go by
‘ Night in a * coloured Cloak, in a Band, nor with
‘ a Buckler ; on pain of being accounted a dull Fel-
‘ low, and one who can invent no better Discourse,
‘ than of his own Valour, and Atchievements.

‘ That no one presume to boast, that he is of a me-
‘ lancholy Constitution ; thinking thereby to make us

* This is the Night Garb of such as would in *Spain* be esteem-
ed *Valentons* or *Hectors*.

‘ believe,

• believe, he is very wise ; unless he be hollow ey'd,
• beetle-brow'd, lean jaw'd, and thin bearded ; or shall
• have but little Money in his Purse : for such have
• Licence, not only to be Melancholy, but also to
• boast of it.

• That none shew Courtesy to one that sneezes,
• since he deserves it not: Forasmuch as we are in-
• formed, by grave Physicians, that sneezing is an ex-
• pulsion of humid Excrements, and every expulsion
• of Excrements is unmannerly.

• That no discreet Man, shall dare to know how to
• make handsome Legs, Dance, Sing, nor Play upon
• any Musical Instrument, neither to snuff a Candle,
• cut a Melon, nor carve a Fowl : under the penalty of
• being suspended from his Office.

• That they Speak not with Thrum ends of Poetry,
• nor Raptures of Rhetorick ; but Christian-like, as
• their Consciences shall dictate, and as their Forefathers
• (who are dead and gone) did teach them.

• That they keep no set hours for Dinner, Supper,
• going to bed, nor rising, but that the Appetite, and
• Will, to one and the other, appoint the Hour.

• That he believe nothing that shall be told him, un-
• less it be a Mystery of Faith ; but we give leave that
• for Courtesy, he may make them think he believes
• all they tell him.

• That he change his Cloathes at any time, accord-
• ing as he shall see the Season hot, or cold, without
• considering whether it be Winter, or Summer, because
• that Day is really Summer, which is hot, and that
• Winter which is cold.

‘ *Item*, We command to blot out of the Wise Men’s
 ‘ Vocabulary, all Outlandish Words, as *Latin*, *Italian*,
 ‘ *Portuguese*, *Gallegan*, and *Moorish*, Forasmuch as the
 ‘ *Spanish* Language of it self is Copious, Neat, Sweet,
 ‘ and the most Polite of all other Languages.

‘ That they wear no Jewels of *Diamonds*, nor *Emer-*
 ‘ *rals*; when they can wear them of *Glass* and *Pebles*,
 ‘ in regard they are Cheaper, and shine all alike.

‘ We charge the Consciences of Formal Courtiers, that
 ‘ they Cool not their Wine at *Chrifmas*, for some there
 ‘ are, who, when their Bottles are so frozen, that ’tis
 ‘ a Wonder to see, the Wine being as cold as an Isicle,
 ‘ will yet cool it more.

‘ That no wise Man dare to have Great Eyes, a Lit-
 ‘ tle Forehead, Flaxen Hair, nor a Round Face; on
 ‘ pain that no one shall know him.

‘ That if, being in visit with some Persons of Quali-
 ‘ ty, there should be brought to him a Letter, and he
 ‘ open, and read it immediately: We do absolve him
 ‘ of the unmannerliness at the very Instant, because he
 ‘ may not stand in pain, and be doubtful.

‘ That no discreet Man ask any Persons what they
 ‘ have eaten, nor tell them what he hath eaten, be-
 ‘ cause these Discourses are only fit for Gluttons.

‘ That they talk not to one another concerning new
 ‘ Fashions of Cloaths, and Dresses; since this is re-
 ‘ served for young Ladies.

‘ That he mind not old Superstitious Fables, Dreams,
 ‘ nor Southsayings, on pain of our Curse: And We de-
 ‘ clare for Publick Fools, any that commit such a Crime.

‘ That none believe that there is Virtue in Stones,
 ‘ unless they be *Diamonds*, *Rubies*, or *Emeralds*, and
 other

other Precious Stones, which are sold to Jewellers, or those which being thrown, brain an Enemy: Nor in Herbs, but such as the *Apothecaries* sell, since they have the Virtue to make them Rich: Nor in Words; except they be Promises, which shall have Virtue to give dead Dogs.

Let them not be Boasters of their Blood or Linage; by any means, nor meddle in reckoning up their Pedigrees, or bragging of their Gentility, on pain of being accounted Upstarts, Braggadocio's, and of ill Intention.

And because some hold it for an Elegancy, and Ornament of Speech, now and then to throw out an Oath; We declare them for Fools, founded in Blasphemy; and command that they enter not into any civil Society.

That none speak ill of Women, although they deserve it; considering it is but ill Merchandise, and is not sold off of Hand, except it be praised.

That no one presume to have a Mother-in-Law; though it should cost him the not being married in all his Life; for in our Council, shall be taught him a Trick, how he may live without one and the other.

That he seek not Preferment to Offices, without Favour; nor court a Lady without Money.

That no Body know from himself, he is wise; but that he know it of all.

The new made wife Man promised Obedience to the Laws, and began to appear one, amongst his Friends that Night; giving them a splendid Supper, where the seasoning of the Jest, was no less pleasing, than that of the Dishes; of which I do not make any larger Relation, for fear of provoking thy Appetite to them:

'Tis enough for thee to know, that the Supper did sufficiently satisfy a *Legion of Poets*; which is as much Glory as was ever related of any Supper. So they made an end of that merry Bout; and so ceased the Doctor *Cenudo* to be a Fool; and began the Office of a wise Man: Mind me what I say; for Courtship and Discretion are not Graces, but Offices, and perchance of those who vend them. When thou shalt hear say that Mr. Such-a-one courteth Madam Such-a-one; do not for that think he is altogether a Courtier of Ladies; for in this manner you are wont to ask, What Man is this? what Person is that? so as it is only to be understood, he has at this Time, that Occupation or Office of a Courtier. You may suppose the same from henceforward of wise Men, and let it be on my Account. Would you be a wise Man amongst an hundred wise Men; give them a good Supper, and you shall see, that although you were an errand Pack-horse, they will commend you, seeing you loaded with Turkies and Partridges.

C H A P.

C H A P. VIII.

The Doctor Cenudo is apprehended at the Request of his Enemies.

WAS there ever yet seen a Flash of Lightning, so boasting of its Power, that intending to kill, it would endeavour to destroy without Noise? At the Pistols, Muskets, and other such like Instruments of Death, we need not wonder; for perchance it was the Defect of the Artificer, which could not make them silent, as the valiant are: But what I am confident of, is, that Nature contriv'd to temper the Malice of the Lightning, with the scandalous ratling of the Thunder, as being sorry for its Formation, and thereby advising the World, that they should get themselves under Shelter. Oh! how penetrating would Love be, if the Noise of it should not cure us: Assuredly, *Mistress Finical*, if you brag of your Beauty, and the Rays of your Eyes, that they are able to kill with Love; yet the Noise (I must tell you) will help us to escape you; or at least, will bring such a Blemish on your Reputation, as we shall fully be revenged, and so cry Quits with you; for what would become of us, if it should be otherwise? How freely would you make your Shot? if, as you know the Bullets kill us; you knew not likewise that the Crack and Smoke soils you.

Dorothea (with blushing Cheeks) told the whole Story to her Father and Mother; and had no great Trouble to make them believe her; for as being a Part of their Soul, they understood her Manners, and from thence were assured that there was no forcing her Will: But she satisfied not the World so easily; who knew the Nights she had been lamented for at her own House,
and

and made much of at another's. In fine, the Voice is Wind, it is blown about in the Wind, a Mass is made thereof, and is given to all, and dispers'd into every Part ; for what does not the Air penetrate ? and the Voice carries no greater Body than the Air.

The Licentiate *Campuzano* our *Andaluzian Gallant* heard it, and who so well able as he ? who was all turn'd to Ears, since he had been made such an Ass of. Oh ! what do Fools lose, by being confident ! for in Effect they lose more than they have : Confidence had made our *Arrogant Andalusian* conjecture all that Beauty of *Dorothea's* to be his own ; and he was so possessed with this Fancy, that the Day in which he had Notice the Lady was stolen away, he undertook her Search, on his own Account ; and let himself think, she had been stolen from him. Confident Fool, was it not better to imagine she was not thine ? as really she was not, whereby in Case of her Loss, any Injury done her, or any Contempt put upon her ; thou wouldst not have had so great Share in her Sufferings, nor wouldst thou have thought they had taken her, as it were out of thy Bed from thee ; and now that I am talking of Licentiates, I speak to all. Gentlemen, you who sue for Offices or Preferments, do not sue for them as *Campuzano* did to *Dorothea*, that you grieve not, when you find your selves mocked ; but provide your selves beforehand with Patience, by knowing that they are not yet yours ; and if they be given to others, they are not taken from you.

He was now become a Lion, as to Courage ; and perceiving that he wanted Paws to prey withal, he contented himself with roaring, though sore against his Will ; but in that manner he accosts the Justice ; affirming, *That the Doctor Cenudo was a Conjuror ; that he kept a Familiar ; and that he daily committed a Thousand Violences, by Virtue of Witchcraft ; that he ravished Maids ; made himself Master of other Men's Wealth ; and other Miracles which his Spight dictated.* To all which a *Teniente* gave him Credit, and went out by Night to apprehend the Doctor, carrying a great Guard

Guard of *Alguaziles*, and other Officers with him, as also the *Licentiate* himself for a Guide.

These beset the Doctor's House on all Sides, called at the Door, and giving (by *Campuzano's* Advice) the Name of *Don Felix*, to facilitate their Entrance, it was opened to them ; and leaving Order for some to stay there below, the *Teniente* went up, and came to the Doctor's Bedside, where he found him fast asleep, and fearing that if he should awake, he might assist himself with some Spirit, he commanded four Serjants or Bailiffs to shackle him quickly, who presently obey'd, and would have done as much if it had been to four Devils.

At the Noise of this, the miserable Doctor awaked, and seeing himself seized and bound on that manner, and all his Chamber full of Halberts, being amazed and affrighted, he began to recommend himself to God and the Saints, with great Earnestness ; at which the *Teniente* was angry and afraid, supposing he had been muttering his Charms, and already began to fancy himself in the *Hobgoblins* Clutches ; wherefore putting a Gagg into his Mouth, he sent him away to Prison, with a Squadron of lusty Fellows to guard him ; charging them to secure him in the safest Dungeon ; which they did : And the *Teniente* stayed with a * *Scrivano* and other Officers, to find out the Charms, Vows, and Instruments of his Witchcrafts.

To which end he sent several of his Attendants over all the House, whilst he still continued with the *Licentiate*, and the rest of his Train above ; who casting their Eyes on a Cabinet curiously wrought, which stood at the Doctor's Bed's-head, broke it open, suspecting they might find some Charms in it ; the *Teniente* examined the Drawers, and discoursing with *Campuzano*, asked him if he knew what kind of Things Conjurations were ; the *Licentiate* told him, they were certain Prayers or Invocations in Rhime ; and that in a Commission, which he had once against a Company of Witches, he had attained to much Knowledge concerning them ; and if it

Or Attorney.

had

had not been the *Teniente*, he would perchance have made him believe he himself had been a Wizard.

They were in this talk, when in a Drawer, they espied certain Papers, of which *Campuzano* reading some Scraps, cried out, These are Rhimes; as I live, we have found out now the Conjurations: The *Teniente* who knew as much of Conjurations, as of Rhimes; and had a great Desire the Rhimes might prove to be Conjurations, that he might make a Holiday, and Day of Sport for the rude Rabble in the great Market-place; after he had often crossed himself, and said some devout Prayers, and renounced the implicate Compact, which they mighty possibly contain in them; and declared fully and plainly that it was not his Intent to do ill to any one, by reading those Papers; neither to raise up any Spirit to converse with; nor make the Devil take any visible Shape: He began to read the first Conjuraton, according to his Mistake, which he found said on this manner;

Look down (thou *faithless Mother of Love*) and see
The humble Suppliant of thy Majesty:

And though I with no golden Shrines appear,
At least I come surcharg'd with Grief, with Fear.

Take back these Flowers, scarce wak'd by th' morning Sun,
This Hope cut off, so soon as 'twas begun;
Since being at highest Pitch of Bliss attain'd,
I find thy Promise broke, thy Colours stain'd.

Henceforth thy barren Favours thou may'st bring,
And them distribute to some happier Spring;
For whilst they press so hastily on me,
My Fall's more violent than it would be.

And if the Cruelty which thou dost send
Have not had Power enough my Life to end;
It is because the Fright hath given me Balm,
And taught me how to lead a life more calm.

Does

Does your Worship observe, said *Campuzano*, the Sacrifice which this Villain makes to *Venus*? Mind here, the Obligation which he presents her with in this Conjurat[i]on. The *Teniente* was amazed, and having but little Skill in Conjurat[i]ons, the Simplicity and Ignorance of the Licenciate passed with him for currant; so he read on further.

An Allegory of the Madman which Horace painteth out.

HE who by framing in's distracted Mind
Pleasing Ideas, full Content could find;
And though's Chimeras did succeed in vain,
Sweet Adulation made all well again:

Illustrated by Light, and brought to Day.
He chids his Fortune for her traiterous play,
That from a Place of Glory so sublime,
Had tempted him to a less happy Clime.

Lay, *Cintbia*, thy deceitful Pencils by
Which feigns so easy this my Misery;
They'll sweetly draw what's cruel, fierce, and wild,
And make that rude, which gentle is and mild.

Let no false Gloss over my Grievs be spread.
But faithfully let them be coloured;
For Painting steals, when it Advantage spies,
Disguise from Truth, only to blind our Eyes.

Here the ill Intention of the Reader was more clouded, and he said: For these occasions it is good to have studied Human Learning, who would have hit upon it besides my self? Take notice (*Senior Teniente*) of this Conjurat[i]on which he makes to the *Moon*. To the *Moon*, replied the *Teniente*, I see no such Thing, neither is there a Word here whereby it may be conjectured.

The

The Word *Cynthia*, replied *Campuzano*, does not your Worship consider that it is an Invocation of the *Moon* or *Diana*, whom the Gentiles adored by the Name of *Cynthia*, for having been born in the Mountain *Cynthus*. With this respect therefore he invokes her, as the Ancient *Magicians* did, that she should come down to moisten and give Virtue to the Herbs, of which they are to compound their magical Poisons.

The *Teniente* believed him, and I must tell you, that I am half afraid lest the Reader should also believe it: But not to speak more of the Herbs.

You are to know (friendly Reader) that all Heresies of the World have had the same beginnings, as these Madneses of *Campuzano*. Here you see him with a good Reputation, in *Madrid*, and such a one, that depending on it, he sues for preferment, but becoming jealous, would revenge himself; and this Blindness makes him believe, that a Copy of Love-verses are Magical Charms. Who would think this of a Man so practis'd in Learning: Did you not hear him discourse with the *Doctor Cenudo*, at the Visit of the Machines? Did you not just now observe him shew his Schoolship with the *Teniente*: Then what can we think should be the reason of this blindness, but that his jealous passion carries him on hoodwink'd.

Discretion, Learning, and Erudition, are with Men, like Clothes, handsome dressing and Gallantry: Put me a rich Suite of Clothes on a Crook back'd Man, or on a tall Lubber, whose Soul forgets it's Feet by reason of the great distance from them, let him walk in the Street, and it shall not seem that he goes, but that he is carried: Dress him up, without sparing Fashion, Curiosity or Expencc, and you will see how ill he sets them forth, and, that as though the Clothes should carry him, and not he the Clothes, he marches disorderly, indecently, slovenly, and clownishly, discrediting the Nobleness, and Gallantry of the Silks, with the baseness and unhandsoneness of the Motion. On the contrary,

Give

Give me in an ill Equipage, a Youth all Soul, all Air, and more than Air; only with a Baies Suite, and that ragged too, that he may set forth his Condition, turn him into the Street, let him display himself, put his Cloak in order, and so dispose himself like a Ship under Sail, playing with the Wind, and I am confident you will be so much delighted with him, that you shall never mind his thread-bare Clothes, so are the Wits of the World.

Many Men there are, that make themselves fine, that Learn, that Watch, that study all their Life, without suffering an hour to pass idly, but have so little of Air and Wit, that they soil and darken all, and 'tis the same Thing, for Learning to be in them, as in a Book; we must search them, and turn over their Leaves to Pump out any Thing from them, and when it comes, pray God it be, to be understood.

There are others with very little Scholarship like your thread-bare Gallants, but so Ingenious, Witty, Pleasant, and Eloquent, that with something which they have learnt at a Play, or heard commended in a Discourse, or observed in some small Book, they set themselves forth, become so Airy and Resplendent, that they draw all Admiration after him.

Senior Campuzano (to come to our Story) had a Wit so ill contrived, that after he had done, what he could, to procure the furnishing himself with Gallantry, he was but a Pack-horse loaded with it, not a Gallant.

Of these the World is full, and such is the *Ignorant Vulgar*, that only for hearing say, *They have a great many Books: They take a World of pains: They have their Degrees, and other Titles*, which give no Wit, by all means they esteem them for wise Prudent and Discreet.

I should have been glad, *Senior Licenciado Campuzano*, that you had not been born in the Pride of *Andaluzia*; to let you see your Error, and tell you that those Papers which you stand poring on are not Conjurations, but handsome Verses. They would have passed on further transported with their Devilish sweetness, if at that In-

stant there had not come up some of the *Ministers of Wrath*, who had been searching the House, more to find out, if there was any Thing for them to prey upon, than to make any discovery of the Accusation: These brought in a number of Cloathes for Devils, Foxes Tails, Wolves Heads, Skulls, and other such Trumpery, and pieces of Machines, for to tell you plainly, our Doctor was not a Conjuror, but a Man of a Pleasant Humour, that with Ingenious Artifice, delighted to revenge himself of the troublesomeness of Ignorant People.

To make short, the third Day after, like one that had been under Water, he appeared again at the Top, remaining free from that Accusation, by the good diligence of *Don Felix*, his faithful Friend, who giving him an embrace, presented him with the welcome tidings of his Liberty. He wondred to hear it, not that his Innocence did not secure him, but because the Negotiation seemed very short.

Don Felix satisfied all his doubts, not without some laughter, relating him all the Passages of the Process, and particularly the last means by which he had overcome all, which was, his having alledged and proved against the whole Charge of his Accusation, that he was *AN IGNORANT*, a *FOOL*, an *IDEOT*, and that as such, he had spent his Life, his Time, and Estate in Books, Pictures, and Devils Cloaths, after a particular and Pleasant Humour, separating himself from the common Use and Life of Man: That this being proved by a Number of Witnesses, and the *Teniente* satisfied, of the Artifice of the Machines, and that how the *Papers* which he had found in his Cabinet were not Conjurations, nor Invocations, but *Ballads*, and *Sonnets*, and also that it was he himself who had written them, with which his Foolishness was more confirmed, therefore he absolved him from the Accusation, and condemned *Campuzano* in a great Penalty for his Scandal.

I durst

The Fortunate Fool.

I durst have sworn, said the *Doctor*, that such good fortune would besal me by being a *Fool*. He then cast back his Eyes on his fore-past Life, calling to mind that all his Prosperities and good Successes had come to him by his *Follies*, and firmly resolved to commit many, that he might not cease being Happy.

With this he took his leave of his Friends, who had entertained him in the Prison, and with the joy of seeing himself free, he came to my Lodging to visit me, and to enjoy his Liberty. He then declared to me the Secret; which was the Occasion of his *Felicities*, and the Purpose which he had of being a *Fool* all his Life; for seeing himself in that straight, he had made a Vow to *Folly*, that if he escaped that Misfortune, he would become a *Fool*, and profess to be so all the Remainder of his Life. He goes fulfilling his Vow, and I follow his steps.

Friendly Reader, take a good Courage, and hearken to his *Follies*; for it may be, they have Virtue to make *Happy* him that Hears them, as well as him that does them.

F I N I S.

BOOKS Printed for and Sold by **JAMES DALTON**, Bookseller, at the Corner of *Bride's-Alley* in *Patrick-Street*.

	l.	s.	d.
T HE Power of Love in seven Novels, } <i>viz.</i> First the Fair Hypocrite, Second the Physician's Stratagem; Third the Wife's Resentment, Four and Five the Husband's Resentment; In two Examples, Six the Happy Fugitives; Seven the Perjur'd Beauty. By Mrs. MANLEY.	}	0	2 0

The Noble Slaves, or the Lives and Adventures of two Lords and two Ladies, being a History full of most Remarkable Events by Mrs. AUBIN.	}	0	0	6 1/2
---	---	---	---	-------

The Fortunate Fool, Bound.	0	1	7 1/2
----------------------------	---	---	-------

Bibles in large Octavo with Service, Psalms and Apocrypha.

Ditto, without either.

Common-Prayers, large 8vo. with Red Rubricks.

Ditto, with Black.

Common-Prayers, 12s.

Ditto, 24s.

Testaments of different Sorts.

Psalters, Primers, Child's-Guides, and all Sorts of School-Books.

N. B. At the same Place may be had Books in most Faculties; and all manner of Stationary Ware, at the most reasonable Rates.

And ready Money for any Gentleman's Library; or small Parcells of Books.